



No. CLXVIII.]

**Contents**

[OCTOBER 1896

	PAGE
<b>A Boyar of the Terrible.</b> Chapters XVIII.—XXI.	535
By FRED. WHISHAW	
<b>Mr. Morris's Poems</b> . . . . .	560
By ANDREW LANG	
<b>The First Foot</b> . . . . .	574
By MRS. HUNT	
<b>The Wood Wren</b> . . . . .	590
By W. H. HUDSON	
<b>Survival</b> . . . . .	598
By A. K. H. B.	
<b>The Princess Désirée.</b> Chapters V.—VIII.	609
By CLEMENTINA BLACK	
<b>At the Sign of the Ship</b> . . . . .	632
By ANDREW LANG	

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.  
LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY



# SEDENTARY HABITS.

## HOW TO RECONCILE THEM WITH GOOD HEALTH.

The problem of the day seems to be how to reconcile sedentary habits with a convenient measure of good health. We all, perhaps, walk too little and eat (shall it be said?) too much. Leisured and wealthy people can afford time and money to obey the injunction, 'Go to a Continental mineral spring.' They do it, and return cured of past ailments and set up in health to resist the attack of the diseases which lie in wait for modern men and women. To any sufferer from sluggish liver, acid dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, and kidney disorder, the hope of a real cure—a cure that should not, like those to which all such sufferers resort, lose its effectiveness after the first few doses—seems something too good to hope for. Yet the waters, for the few who can take them, undoubtedly play the part of such a cure. They restore the recalcitrant liver to its proper usefulness, banish the miseries of constipation, gout, and rheumatism, and give back the clear skin, the bright eye, the alert gait of health.

All this, and more, can, by the advance of modern science, be achieved, without the trouble and expense of a journey to the Continent. The medicinal virtues of a course of the waters are exactly reproduced by the ingenious expedient of desiccating the salts which contain the active principle of the mineral water, and combining them with effervescents, so that all the waters can do, Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder will do, far more pleasantly, cheaply, and efficiently.

'This is very strongly recommended,' says *Land and Water*, 'by many acknow-

ledged medical authorities, for use by sufferers from rheumatism, gout, and disorders of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. It is also spoken highly of as a corrective medicine most suitable for people leading sedentary lives. We are informed that Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder has been PRESCRIBED FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, which affords an indication of the opinion of the remedy entertained by the medical profession. We have seen a letter from the dispenser of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest requesting further supplies of Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, which had "been used in the wards with success." Having also seen autograph letters from the late Sir Morell Mackenzie to brother physicians of the highest standing, in which Messrs. Kutnow's preparations are spoken of in the most laudatory terms, we have no hesitation in bringing them to the notice of our readers.'

The first result of sedentary habits, and almost always its close attendant, is constipation. Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder is extremely beneficial in constipation. It promotes the natural flow of bile (nature's own purgative), and stimulates the vermicular or worm-like writhings of the intestines by which the body is freed from waste matter. It disperses congestions of blood, thus obviating the causes of piles, inflammation of the bowels, &c. The body is freed from all gaseous and fermentive refuse, and the intestines left in a healthy condition.

For seven days from the date of this paper Messrs. S. Kutnow, Limited, 66 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will send a sample of KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE and POST PAID to every adult applicant who names *Longman's Magazine* when writing.

KUTNOW'S Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder may be obtained in capsuled bottles, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, price 2s. 9d.; or post free (in the United Kingdom) for 3s. from the London Office. See that the Registered Trade Mark, 'Hirschensprung' (or Deer Leap), and the autograph facsimile signature, is on the label and cartoon. These ensure genuineness.

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

**S. KUTNOW & CO., LIMITED, 66 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

New York House: KUTNOW BROTHERS, 52 & 54 La Fayette Place, New York City, U.S.A.

**A  
FREE  
TRIAL**



S.

2.

FL

1.

OF  
E  
2



# Longman's Magazine Literary and General Advertiser.

ALL APPLICATIONS RESPECTING ADVERTISEMENTS AND BILLS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO  
MORRIS, LONGMANS & CO., 39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

## SALE OF THE ENTIRE STOCK OF MESSRS. FRANK GILES & CO.,

£10,000 AMOUNTING TO £10,000

COMPRISING

FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS, BLANKETS,  
LINENS, IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, &c.,

REMOVED FROM

50, 52, 54 & 56 HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON,

OFFERED BY

## OETZMANN & CO.,

62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 & 79

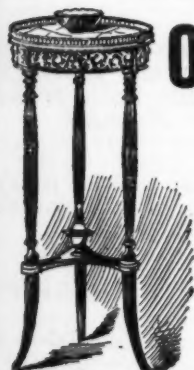
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station).

SALE COMMENCES  
MONDAY, OCTOBER 5.

SPECIAL SALE CATALOGUE (32 pages of  
Illustrations) POST FREE.

The Stock, containing as it does every item  
required in Furnishing either a Cottage or a  
Mansion, offers an opportunity that seldom  
occurs of completely or partially furnishing  
at small cost.



ORNOLU MOUNTED MAR-  
BLE TOP PEDESTALS,  
2 ft. 9 in. high, 17s. 6d. each.



CARVED ANTIQUE  
OAK SPINNING  
CHAIR, 6s. 9d.

## DR RIDGE'S FOR INFANTS

Contains more nourishment than.

PATENT. FOOD  
\* COOKED  
AND INVALIDS  
double the quantity of any other.



DONT BE GREEDY!

Invaluable Toilet Requisite. For restoring weak and  
faded hair to strength and luxuriance.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

Is unrivalled in producing a Luxuriant Growth of Hair,  
Whiskers, and Moustaches, and the only remedy for Baldness.  
containing the essential requisites for Cleaning and Beautifying.  
For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a Magni-  
ficent Head of Hair, and prevents baldness in mature age.  
Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists at 2/6, 9/-, & 11/- per Bottle.  
Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietors,

Estb.] 22 WELLINGTON ST., STRAND, LONDON. [70 Yrs.  
PLEASE ASK FOR OLDRIDGE'S BALM AND TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



# Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S Announcements.

NEW EDITION OF LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS AND LIFE.  
The **LIFE and WORKS of LORD MACAULAY.**

'Edinburgh' Edition. 10 vols. 8vo. 6s. each. (Works, 8 vols.; Life, 2 vols.)  
[*Shortly.*]

## THE OUT-DOOR WORLD SERIES.

### LIFE in PONDS and STREAMS.

By **W. FURNEAUX**, F.R.G.S. Author of 'The Out-Door World,' 'British Butterflies and Moths,' &c. With 8 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

The **INDIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITY**, Examined with Reference to the Physical, Ethnographic, and Historical Conditions of the Provinces, chiefly on the Basis of the Revenue-Settlement Records and District Manuals.

By **B. H. BADEN-POWELL**, C.I.E. Hon. M.A. Oxon. 8vo. [In the press.]

The **GIRLHOOD of MARIA JOSEPHA HOLROYD** (Lady Stanley of Alderley), as told in Letters of a Hundred Years Ago, from 1776 to 1796.

With 6 Portraits. 8vo. 18s.

[*Nearly ready.*]

### INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.

By **JAMES C. EGBERT**, Junr. Ph.D. Adjunct Professor of Latin, Columbia College. With numerous Illustrations and Facsimiles. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

### HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY.

By **ALFRED WEBER**, Professor in the University of Strasburg. Authorised Translation from the Fifth French Edition. By **FRANK THILLY**, A.M. Ph.D. Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri. 8vo. 16s. [Ready.]

### The HISTORY of P. CORNELIUS TACITUS.

Translated into English, with an Introduction and Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by **ALBERT WILLIAM QUILL**, M.A. T.C.D. 2 vols. Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. 6d. [Ready.]

### The ÆNEID of VERGIL.

Books VII.-XII. Translated into English Verse. By **JAMES RHOADES**. Crown 8vo. 5s. [Ready.]

### The PHARSALIA of LUCAN.

Translated into blank Verse, with some Notes. By **EDWARD RIDLEY**, Q.C. sometime Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. [In the press.]

### OUTLINE HISTORY of GERMANY.

By **Mrs. H. C. HAWTREY**. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

[Ready.]

## NEW VOLUMES OF THE SILVER LIBRARY.

### A JOURNAL of the REIGNS of KING GEORGE IV. KING WILLIAM IV. and QUEEN VICTORIA.

By **CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE**, formerly Clerk of the Council. 8 vols. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. Vols. 1-3 (*now ready*); Vols. 4-6 (*in October*); Vols. 7-8 (*in December*).

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY'S

## AUTUMN BOOKS

### THE CENTURY OF LOUIS XIV. Its Arts—Its Ideas.

From the French of *EMILE BOURGEOIS*, Lecturer at the École Normale Supérieure of Paris, by *Mrs. CASHEL HOEY*. In one handsome volume of about 500 pages. Imperial 8vo. With 22 Copperplate Engravings and 500 Illustrations in the Text. Cloth extra, gilt edges, £2. 12s. 6d. [November.]

### JOSEPH THOMSON, AFRICAN EXPLORER: a Biography.

By his Brother, the Rev. J. B. THOMSON, of Greenock. With 6 Maps, Portraits, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d. [October.]

### THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SYDNEY SMITH.

Based on Family Documents and the Recollections of Personal Friends. By *STUART J. REID*, Author of 'Lord John Russell' in the 'Queen's Prime Ministers' Series, &c. Fourth and Revised Edition, with additional Letters and Anecdotes. Crown 8vo. with Photogravure Portrait, cloth, 6s. [Nearly ready.]

### RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES OF GOODWOOD

AND THE DUKES OF RICHMOND. By *JOHN KENT*, Author of 'The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck' &c. Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of March. With many Illustrations. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 240 pages, cloth extra, 14s. [October.]

### THE CIVILISATION OF OUR DAY. A Series of Original

Essays on some of its more important Phases at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By *Professor F. MAX MÜLLER*, *Dr. RICHARD GARNETT*, C.B., *Sir HUGH GILZEAN-REID*, and other Expert Writers. Edited by *JAMES SAMUELSON*. With Maps, Photogravure Portraits, and other Illustrations. 1 vol. royal 8vo. cloth, 16s. net.

### FLOATING ISLAND; or, The Pearl of the Pacific.

By *JULES VERNE*, Author of 'From the Earth to the Moon,' 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' &c. With 80 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s. [October.]

### THE LONGSHOREMAN.

By *HERBERT RUSSELL*, Author of 'The Mystery of the Miranda,' &c. With Illustrations by *S. ADAMSON*. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. [October.]

### THE CRYSTAL CITY UNDER THE SEA.

By *ANDRÉ LAURIE*, Author of 'The Conquest of the Moon' &c. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s. [October.]

### THE SORCERESS OF PARIS: being the Chronicle of Jean Louis

Charles, Count de Dunois. By *P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.*, Author of 'Books Fatal to their Authors' &c. 1 vol. with decorative title page, cloth, 6s.

## NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

**RAFAEL:** a Romance of the History of Spain. From the French of *M. ERNEST DAUDET* by *Mrs. CASHEL HOEY*. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

**JACK STAPLETON;** or, The Romance of a Coral Island. By *Commander CLAUDE HARDING, R.N.*, Author of 'The Capture of the Estrella.' Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

**AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH TRACK.** By *J. D. HENNESSEY*, Author of 'The Dis-Honourable,' 'Wyandott.' Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

**STONEWALL'S SCOUT:** a Story of the American Civil War. By *REGINALD HOBBSLEY*, Author of 'The Yellow God' &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

## NEW ADDITIONS TO LOW'S STANDARD 2s. 6d. NOVELS.

**PERLYCROSS:** a Tale of the Western Hills. By *R. D. BLACKMORE*, Author of 'Lorna Doone' &c.

'A noteworthy book. . . In essence a study of rural life in south-western England.'—SPECTATOR.

**IN THE DAY OF BATTLE:** a Romance. By *JOHN A. STEUART*.

'Here is an author capable of writing a really brilliant work of fiction, in which science and fact are respected, and art is made subservient to both. He is fluent to a degree, his style is excellent.'—ACADEMY.

**THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI:** a Historical Romance. By *S. LEVETT YEATS*.

'The book is a first-rate piece of work, and holds the reader enchained from the sensational outset to the very last page.'—ATHENÆUM.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED,  
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

# Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S Announcements.

---

## FRIDTJOF NANSEN, 1861-1893.

By **W. C. BRÖGGER** and **NORDAHL ROLFSEN**. With an Introductory Poem by **BJÖRNSTJERN BJÖRNSEN**. Translated by **WILLIAM ARCHER**. With numerous Illustrations, Portraits and Maps. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

## The LIFE of FORD MADDOX BROWN.

By **FORD MADDOX HUEFFER**. With 45 Plates and 7 Illustrations in the Text, being reproductions of the Artist's Pictures. 8vo. 42s. [In October.]

## The LIFE of SIR KENELM DIGBY, by One of his Descendants.

By the Author of 'The Life of a Conspirator,' 'A Life of Archbishop Laud,' 'The Life of a Prig,' &c. With Illustrations. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

## The MEMOIRS of GENERAL LEJEUNE, 1780-1814.

Translated by **Mrs. ARTHUR BELL (N. D'ANVERS)**. [In preparation.]

## The LIFE and TIMES of CARDINAL WISEMAN.

By **WILFRID WARD**, Author of 'William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.' [In preparation.]

## The ABBÉ de LAMENNAIS and the LIBERAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT in FRANCE.

By the **Hon. W. GIBSON**. [In the press.]

## A GIRL'S WANDERINGS in HUNGARY.

By **H. ELLEN BROWNING**. With Map and 19 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

## CRAGS and CRATERS: Rambles in the Island of Réunion.

By **WILLIAM DUDLEY OLIVER, M.A.** With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

## A SELECTION from the POEMS of GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S.

With an Introduction by **T. HERBERT WARREN**, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

## ESSAYS.

By **GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S.** Edited by **C. LLOYD MORGAN**, Principal of University College, Bristol. [In the press.]

## The SCIENCE of MYTHOLOGY.

By the **Right Hon. F. MAX MÜLLER**. 2 vols. crown 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

## The LIGHT of the WORLD; or, The Great Consummation. A Poem.

By **Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E.** With 14 Illustrations by **W. HOLMAN HUNT**. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Nearly ready.]

## BICYCLES and TRICYCLES: an Elementary Treatise on their Design and Construction.

By **ARCHIBALD SHARP**, Whitworth Scholar, Associate Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mitglied des Vereins Deutscher Ingenieure, Instructor in Engineering Design at the Central Technical College, South Kensington. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

---

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.


## NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POETICAL WORKS.

In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. of about 750 pages each, bound in cloth, gilt top, with a Portrait Frontispiece to each volume, 7s. 6d. per volume.

## THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Edited and Annotated by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.,  
and FREDERIC G. KENYON.

\*. VOLUME I. will be published on October 20, and VOLUME II. on November 5.

 An edition has also been printed on India paper. This can be obtained only through Booksellers.

## MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## SIR GEORGE TRESSADY.

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,

Author of 'Robert Elsmere,' 'The History of David Grieve,' 'Marcella,' &c.

## NEW VOLUME OF 'THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.'

Ready this day. 15s. net, in cloth; or in half-morocco, marbled edges, 20s. net.

Volume XLVIII. (REILLY—ROBINS) of the

## DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by SYDNEY LEE.

\*. Vol. I. was published on January 1, 1885, and a further volume will be issued Quarterly until the completion of the work.

On October 2. In 2 vols. with 2 Portraits and 2 Maps, demy 8vo. 28s.

## THE MEMOIRS OF BARON THIÉBAULT. (Late

Lieutenant-General in the French Army.) With Recollections of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. Translated and Condensed by A. J. BUTLER, M.A., Translator of the 'Memoirs of Marbot.'

## THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR CHARLES

HALLÉ. With 2 Portraits. Demy 8vo. 16s.

[In the press.]

## PREHISTORIC MAN AND BEAST. By the Rev.

H. N. HUTCHINSON, Author of 'Extinct Monsters,' 'Creatures of other Days,' &c. With 10 Full-page Illustrations. Small demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

[In the press.]

## NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION OF SYMONDS' 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.'

Will be ready shortly, large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS. By the late JOHN

ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

\*. This is Volume I. of a NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION of 'THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY,' in 7 vols. large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. The remaining volumes will be published at intervals.

## NEW ILLUSTRATED AND THOROUGHLY REVISED EDITION OF 'JESS.'

In October, with 12 Full-page Illustrations by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

## JESS. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S WORKS.

Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO. have just issued a *Cheaper Issue* of the Library Edition of Mr. William Morris's Poetical Works.

Complete in Ten Volumes, price 6s. each, viz. :—

**THE EARTHLY PARADISE.** 4 vols. crown 8vo. 6s. each.

**THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON.** Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE**, and other Poems. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

**THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG**, and the Fall of the Niblungs. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**POEMS BY THE WAY**; and **LOVE IS ENOUGH**, or The Freeing of Pharamond: a Morality. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.** Done into English Verse. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

**THE ÆNEIDS OF VIRGIL.** Done into English Verse. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

*Certain of the Poetical Works may also be had in the following Editions :—*

**THE EARTHLY PARADISE.** Popular Edition. In 5 vols. 12mo. 25s.; or 5s. each sold separately.

The same in Ten Parts, 25s.; or 2s. 6d. each sold separately.

Cheap Edition in 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**LOVE IS ENOUGH**; or, The Freeing of Pharamond: a Morality. Square crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**POEMS BY THE WAY.** Square crown 8vo. 6s.

### PROSE WORKS.

**THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END**: a Tale. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. *[Just published.]*

**THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN**, which has been also called The Land of the Living Men, or the Acre of the Undying. Square post 8vo. 5s. net.

**THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS**, wherein is told somewhat of the Lives of the Men of Burgdale, their Friends, their Neighbours, their Foemen, and their Fellows-in-Arms. Written in Prose and Verse. Square crown 8vo. 8s.

**A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS**, and all the Kindreds of the Mark. Written in Prose and Verse. Second Edition. Square crown 8vo. 6s.

**A DREAM OF JOHN BALL** and **A KING'S LESSON.** 12mo. 1s. 6d.

**SIGNS OF CHANGE**: Seven Lectures delivered on various Occasions. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART**: Five Lectures delivered in Birmingham, London, &c. in 1878-1881. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**NEWS FROM NOWHERE**; or, An Epoch of Rest. Being some Chapters from an Utopian Romance. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.



# Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S Announcements.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY—*New Volume.*

Edited by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G. and A. E. T. WATSON.

## The POETRY of SPORT.

Selected and Edited by HEDLEY PEEK. With a Chapter on Classical Allusions to Sport by ANDREW LANG, and a Special Preface to the Badminton Library by A. E. T. WATSON, Joint Editor. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

[*In October.*]

## LETTERS to YOUNG SHOOTERS.

Third Series. Comprising a Short Natural History of the Wildfowl that are Rare or Common to the British Islands, with Complete Directions in Shooting Wildfowl on the Coast and Inland. By Sir RALPH PAYNE GALLWEY, Bart. With over 100 Illustrations of Wildfowl and Wildfowl Shooting by C. WHYMPER, J. G. MILLAIS, and DE BREE, and numerous Diagrams by the Author. Crown 8vo.

[*Nearly ready.*]

NEW ROMANCE BY MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

## The WELL at the WORLD'S END: a Tale.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of 'The Earthly Paradise.' 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

[*Ready.*]

NEW BOOK BY MR. ANDREW LANG.

PICKLE the SPY. Disclosing the Treasons of A— M—, Esq. of G—; also of James Mohr Macgregor, and Macallester, an Irishman. With the Secret Amours and Misfortunes of H.R.H. Charles P— of W—. Drawn from the Cabinets of the late Elector of Hanover, and of their French and Prussian Majesties.

By ANDREW LANG. With Portraits and Illustrations. 8vo. 18s. [*Nearly ready.*]

MR. LANG'S CHRISTMAS BOOK, 1896.

## The ANIMAL STORY BOOK.

Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 67 Illustrations by H. J. FORD. Crown 8vo. 6s.

[*In a few days.*]

## The HEART of PRINCESS OSRA.

By ANTHONY HOPE. With 9 Illustrations by JOHN WILLIAMSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

[*Ready.*]

## A BOYAR of the TERRIBLE: a Romance of the Court of Ivan the Cruel, First-Tsar of Russia.

By FRED. WHISHAW. With 12 Illustrations by H. G. MASSEY, R.S.E. Crown 8vo. 6s.

[*In the press.*]

## The VIOLET: a Novel.

By JULIA MAGRUDER. With Illustrations by C. D. GIBSON. Crown 8vo.

[*In the press.*]

## DORCAS HOBDAV: a Novel.

By CHARLES ROKEBY.

[*In the press.*]

## The GOLLIWOGG'S BICYCLE CLUB.

By FLORENCE K. UPTON and BERTHA UPTON, Authors of 'The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls.' With Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to. 6s.

[*In a few days.*]

## FAIRY TALE PLAYS, and HOW to ACT THEM.

By Mrs. HUGH BELL, Author of 'Chamber Comedies.' With numerous Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED. Crown 8vo. 6s.

[*In the press.*]

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.



# NEW THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

## THE BAMPTON LECTURES FOR 1895.

**CHRISTIAN ETHICS:** Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1895 on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury. By THOMAS B. STRONG, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Durham. 8vo. 15s.

## NEW BOOK BY THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

**SERMONS PREACHED ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS, 1858-1889.** By the Rev. HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D. LL.D. late Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Crown 8vo. *[In the press.]*

## NEW BOOK BY DEAN FARRAR.

**THE BIBLE:** its Meaning and Supremacy. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D. Dean of Canterbury. 8vo. *[In the press.]*

\*.\* In this book, which has long been in preparation, the author, while supporting the unique grandeur and inestimable value of the Scriptures, points out the dangerous errors which have sprung from their misinterpretation, and from humanly invented theories as to the nature of their inspiration.

**THE PRINCIPLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL UNITY:** Four Lectures delivered in St. Asaph Cathedral on June 16, 17, 18, and 19. By ARTHUR JAMES MASON, D.D. Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Canon of Canterbury. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**THE GOSPEL OF EXPERIENCE;** or, the Witness of Human Life to the Truth of Revelation. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1895, delivered in the Church of St. Peter, Eaton Square, by the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A. Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral. Crown 8vo. 5s.

**SERMON SKETCHES TAKEN FROM SOME OF THE SUNDAY LESSONS THROUGHOUT THE CHURCH'S YEAR.** By W. H. HUTCHINGS, M.A. Canon of York, Rector of Kirby Misperton, and Rural Dean. Vol. I. crown 8vo. 5s.; Vol. II. crown 8vo. 5s.

**LECTURES ON RELIGION.** By the Rev. LEIGHTON PULLAN, M.A. Fellow of St. John Baptist College, Oxford; Lecturer in Theology at Oriel and Queen's College. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE PRINCIPLE OF THE INCARNATION,** with especial reference to the Relation between the Lord's Divine Omniscience and His Human Consciousness. By the Rev. H. C. POWELL, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford, Rector of Wylke, Wilts. 8vo. *[In the press.]*

**CHRIST CHURCH SERMONS.** By the Rev. E. F. SAMPSON, M.A. Student and Tutor and formerly Censor of Christ Church, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *[In the press.]*

**THE SANCTUARY OF SUFFERING.** By ELEANOR TEE, Author of 'This Everyday Life' &c. With a Preface by the Rev. J. P. F. DAVIDSON, M.A. Vicar of St. Matthias', Earl's Court; President of the 'Guild of All Souls.' Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.** By the late H. R. HEYWOOD, M.A. Vicar of Swinton and Hon. Canon of Manchester. With 3 Photo-Intaglio Plates from Pictures by Holman Hunt and Munkacsy. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS.** By a CLERGYMAN. With Prefaces by H. P. LIDDON, D.D. D.C.L. and the BISHOP OF LINCOLN. Crown 8vo.

GENESIS. 4s. 6d.

ISAIAH. 4s. 6d.

THE HOLY GOSPELS. 4s. 6d.

THE PSALMS. 5s.

THE MINOR PROPHETS. 4s. 6d.

ACTS TO REVELATION. 6s.

*[Just published.]*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

WHEN STRIVING TO  
**KEEP THE WOLF**  
**FROM THE DOOR**



REMEMBER that it is not always the lowest price that is the most economic; the vast superiority of

## HOVIS

over any other bread, either brown or white, both in its bone and muscle making substances, secures for it the coveted position of the

**"CHEAPEST AND BEST."**

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery Exhibition, London, May, 1895 & 1896.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY. The Public are cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which, having met with unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "Hovis," or if what is supplied as "Hovis" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

**S. FITTON & SON, Millers,  
MACCLESFIELD.**

Purchasers are requested to see that all bread supplied to them as "Hovis" is stamped "Hovis."

Apply to your grocer for "Hovis" flour for Home use, packed in bags of 3½ lbs. and 7 lbs.

6d. or 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits on receipt of stamps.

Crown 8vo. price 6s.

## The HEART of PRINCESS OSRA

By ANTHONY HOPE.

With 9 Illustrations by JOHN WILLIAMSON.

\*.\* This volume consists of a series of short stories dealing with the many adventures of the Princess Osra, of the House of Elphberg. The scene of the stories is Strelsau, familiar to the readers of 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

Just published. Price 1s. paper and 1s. 6d. cloth.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRUTH

By EDNA LYALL,

Author of 'The Autobiography of a Slander.'

\*.\* The motif of this story is the recent troubles in Armenia, and, though the characters depicted are of course fictitious, the story is founded on fact, and the sad incidents are very far from imaginary.

'Appears in the very nick of time. It is a strenuous, passionate plea for the persecuted Armenians, whose blood is flowing in the streets of Constantinople at the very moment that the novelist pleader issues her cry for their protection.'—INDEPENDENT AND NONCONFORMIST.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.



# MOORE & MOORE

(104 Bishopsgate Within, London)



## PIANOS 18 to 96 Guineas

*Numerous Medals & Awards*

Three Years' System, without addition to cost

*Illustrated Lists, Post Free.*



**WRIGHT'S** FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c  
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN  
**COAL** A LUXURY FOR THE BATH. INVARIABLE FOR THE NURSERY  
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP. BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL. MOORE EXHIBITION IN SKIN DISEASES. LANCET.  
**TAR** REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS  
**SOAP**  
 TABLETS 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
 RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

PRESERVES AND STRENGTHENS THE HAIR.  
 RENOWNED AS THE BEST.

### BRILLIANTINE

For the Beard, Whiskers, and Moustaches;

Also sold in a GOLDEN COLOUR for Fair Hair.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

Can be sent post free by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 30 Hatton Garden, London, on receipt of value in stamps.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

## CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

## Don't Cough-use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

## The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves.  
 Sold everywhere, This 13d. each.

## Keating's Lozenges

# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1896.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A BOYAR OF THE TERRIBLE. By FRED. WHISHAW . . . . .	535
Chapter XVIII.—Signs and Wonders.	
" XIX.—My Princess.	
" XX.—Flight.	
" XXI.—The Fight on the Stairs.	
MR. MORRIS'S POEMS. By ANDREW LANG . . . . .	560
THE FIRST FOOT. By MRS. HUNT . . . . .	574
THE WOOD WREN. By W. H. HUDSON . . . . .	590
SURVIVAL. By A. K. H. B. . . . .	598
THE PRINCESS DÉSIÉE. By CLEMENTINA BLACK . . . . .	609
Chapters V.—VIII.	
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG . . . . .	632

IF YOU WANT—

APPLY TO—

**EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,**  
East Harding Street,  
LONDON, E.C.

**GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS**

Deposit a/c's opened  
Standing Orders received.  
Lists on Application.  
Any Information given.

DELICIOUS. NUTRITIVE. DIGESTIBLE.

**BENGER'S**

**FOOD FOR  
INFANTS**

'Retained when all  
other Foods are rejected.'

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Benger's Food was Awarded the  
**GOLD MEDAL**

Of the International Health Exhibition, London.

Excellent also for  
Invalids and the  
Aged.

In Tins of Chemists,  
&c., everywhere.



## UNEQUAL VISION.



About eighty persons out of each hundred have some difference of focus between the two eyes, and yet the majority are content to wear spectacles made with both lenses alike—the result is, continual straining and impairment of the vision. For the eyes to be used healthily, each eye should be suited separately. This method is always practised by

**Mr. JOHN BROWNING, Ophthalmic Optician,**  
*President of 'The British Optical Association,' and Author of 'OUR EYES' (now in its 16th Edition), price 1s. post free, at his only address—*

**63 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.**

Where he may be consulted personally, free of charge, respecting Spectacles for all forms of Defective Vision.

# BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14/6 per month (Second-hand 10/6 per month) on the **THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.**

ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE

**CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 & 42 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN,**  
**PIANOS EXCHANGED. LONDON, W.C.**

## MEDOC-VIN ORDINAIRE.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

Per Dozen.  
 Bots.      ½-Bots.

13s.    7s. 6d.

## ST. ESTEPHE.

SUPERIOR DINNER WINE, old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces, gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux Wine.

16s.    9s.

Also a very large Stock of medium and high-class Wines, including Vintages 1883, '70, '74, '77, '78, '80, '84, '88, '89, '91.  
 PRICES INCLUDE BOTTLES.

6 Dozen Delivered to any Railway Station. Price List Free by Post.  
 All who know these Wines tell us there is no Claret sold in Great Britain to equal them in value.

**JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,**  
**LIVERPOOL: 37 North John Street. Manchester: 26 Market Street.**

# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

OCTOBER 1896.

---

## *A Boyar of the Terrible.*

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF IVAN THE CRUEL,  
FIRST TSAR OF RUSSIA.

BY FRED. WHISHAW,  
AUTHOR OF 'OUT OF DOORS IN TSARLAND,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### SIGNS AND WONDERS.

I SAW a strange figure in the streets of Moscow; it was broad daylight, and I myself decidedly in the possession of my senses. At first sight I thought it must be a supernatural visitation, so uncommon a spectacle was this; but afterwards I was informed that Ivan Blajenny was a well-known figure in the town. He was naked, save for a scanty linen cloth about his loins, and when I first caught sight of him my thoughts instantly flew to John the Baptist, of whom he certainly reminded the beholder. It is said that this man went naked winter and summer, and preached repentance of sins to all, and eternal punishments to those who would not hear him.

I was attracted by the large crowd assembled outside the huge wooden Church of the Transfiguration, and on drawing near I beheld this strange Ivan Blajenny, who stood bowing and weeping before the church steps; weeping aloud and groaning and beating his breast, but saying no word. The crowd, who knew him well.



and who looked upon him, some as a *godsmán* (lunatic), some as a great prophet, were pale and haggard with consternation by reason of his behaviour. Their minds were already somewhat unhinged by the numerous signs and portents of the last few days, and Ivan's unusual behaviour, in weeping instead of preaching, alarmed and disconcerted them.

As I stood watching and wondering what these things could mean, something happened which terrified the least superstitious of those around me, and which—I do not deny it—so startled me also that I fell on my knees with the rest and prayed aloud. The great bell of the church suddenly, and without warning of any kind, fell with a clang and a clash from the belfry, dashing through the gaily painted roof of the church, and sending reverberations of startling clangour far and wide, as though all the bells of Moscow had heard its death-call and were answering in subdued lamentation.

I had not recovered my equanimity when I felt some one pushing past me as I knelt, and looking up, I beheld the strange figure of Ivan Blajenny. He saw me and fixed his peculiar wild eyes upon my face.

'Stroganof! Stroganof!' he said excitedly, but scarcely above a whisper, 'Stroganof! the Tsar shall thank thee for his crown in the East; happy Stroganof, when these evil days are over! Listen, Stroganof! Thy sons shall sit with Tsars as their equals! but first there is woe—woe!' and the man was away and out of my sight before I had well caught what he said.

When I did realise the import of his words, I was not greatly impressed by them, though it seemed strange that he should have been acquainted with our venerable Perm prophecy, and should also have recognised me; but since I was perhaps, during the bride-election, a well-known figure in Moscow, he might easily have learned my name at that time, and might also have heard the prophecy connected with our family.

As for the remark that my sons should sit with the Tsars as their equals, this, of course, was the mere raving of a madman, and I have never attached importance to the foolish words.<sup>1</sup>

The crowd dispersed as Ivan disappeared, howling and beating

<sup>1</sup> Ivan Blajenny, nevertheless, prophesied truly, for in this century Count Stroganof, a commoner, actually married the sister of the then reigning Tsar, Alexander II., Maria Nicolaievna, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, thus fulfilling, about three hundred years later, the prediction of the prophet of 1547. As for the realisation of the Perm prophecy, Alexander Stroganof shall describe this for himself.



their breasts: 'God is against us,' was the burden of the lament; 'there is misfortune in the air!' I went on my way, like the rest; but my heart was heavy within me, and I, too, felt that disaster overhung the city. A sort of superstitious conviction of this appeared to have settled upon all minds.

All the rest of that day I wandered abroad, seeking for a sign of Vera's hiding-place, but found no clue whatever, and I retired to my own home sad and depressed and completely baffled. I had offended and finally quarrelled with the Tsar, my master, and I had lost my beloved princess: no deeper vale of misery could exist for me.

But there were greater excitements in store both for me and for others on the following day—for me, indeed, such depths of terror and despair that to this day I dare not allow my mind to dwell upon those horrible hours, but rather upon their happier outcome.

As I wandered from street to street, intent upon my unavailing search for Vera, I observed smoke arising from a point close at hand, and presently distinctly heard the crackle of burning wood. Men and women passed me hurriedly, crossing themselves and muttering, and heading for the spot whence came the indication of fire. I joined them and ran also, anxious to see the sight—terrible though the spectacle of a fire in daylight always is, shorn of the grandeur which surrounding darkness lends it, and visible only in the horrid destruction and ruin which it spreads abroad wherever its blighting grip is fastened. Then, to my surprise, I saw that it was that very Church of the Transfiguration which burned. The flames had taken firm hold upon its wooden walls and roof, which seemed to crumble away beneath its touch, the flames themselves scarcely visible in the bright June sunshine, but their deadly canker-work all too plain to the eye. I watched the fire crackling and raging, and the people moaning and praying around me for some minutes, before I observed that Ivan Blajenny stood and preached aloud from the farther corner of the roof of the burning church. I could not hear his denunciations for the noise of the fire and of the crowd, but I could see him wave his arms and raise his clasped hands to heaven, and again shake his fist over the city. Those of the crowd nearest to him shouted to him to come down while he might, but he took no notice of their words. Presently the flames came so close to him that I suppose they scorched him, for he uttered a shriek that was audible above all the noise around, and cast himself headlong

into the midst of the blazing nave below, and no man ever saw trace of him again.

But this great church stood surrounded by houses and streets, and the buildings being all of wood and very dry with the summer sun, it was inevitable that some of the houses close at hand must catch fire. This happened long before the church had finished burning, and the air being calm, the flames caught in several directions at once. There was no water at hand, and though the crowds attempted to stay the spread of the conflagration by pulling the surrounding houses to pieces, they presently saw that their efforts were all in vain, and desisted from the work to weep aloud and cross themselves and to wonder at the wrath of the Almighty, searching about for causes and reasons for His displeasure.

Having adopted this line, the people soon gave birth to many theories, and it was significant that the common folk took no share of the responsibility for this calamity upon their own shoulders, for their own sins, but immediately pounced, as it were, upon the sore places of their betters, and wherever there was a known weakness in Tsar or boyars they reminded one another of it and discussed it and the probable attitude of Providence towards such sins and sinners.

The Tsar, I could see, had not as yet lived down the unpopularity which the follies and extravagances of his boyhood had saddled him withal, and many were the opinions expressed as to his past wickedness and the probable wrath of God which now found expression in the calamity which threatened the city. Some of the boyars were also extremely unpopular, but more especially the Glinsky family—that is, the uncles and the grandmother of the Tsar, whose mother had been Helen Glinsky, a good woman and a worthy Tsaritsa, who died, unfortunately, when young Ivan Tsar was but eight years of age.

It appeared that the populace were angry with these Glinskys because, having enjoyed every opportunity of bringing up the young Tsar well and as befitted his imperial state, they had used their position merely for purposes of self-aggrandisement, and had neglected their sacred duty to the youthful monarch, their natural charge and ward, and had allowed evil counsellors, such as Shuisky and the like, to become the depositaries of the real power in the State, and to ruin the Tsar's disposition by neglect, and even cruelty and wicked counsels.

Thus two ideas took root at the beginning of this dreadful

day among the superstitious, terrified throngs of the people; and when such ideas once become planted in the minds of our Russian peasantry, in moments of excitement, they spread as quickly and as terribly as the flames which were now creeping from house to house of this doomed city of Moscow.

Knowing this, it occurred to me at once to warn the Tsar, for it struck me that both he and his might be in danger before very long at the hands of the people.

I hastened therefore to the palace in the Kremlin, not without a faint hope that occasion might arise this day to show the Tsar who were his true friends, and to atone, if it might be, for the great offence I had put upon my master by my passionate and discourteous words on more than one occasion. As I hastened towards the palace I overtook a familiar figure, Adashef, speeding in the same direction. He looked harassed and thoughtful, but he smiled upon me with his usual sweet and friendly expression.

'What, Stroganof?' he cried cordially. 'Whither away so fast?'

'I go to warn Ivan Vasilitch, Adashef,' I said; 'and I dare be sworn you too have seen the fire yonder and the crowd, and have heard the foolish talk of the people, and are bound upon the same errand!'

'You are right,' he said seriously; 'crowds are evil things, like packs of wolves. The Tsar is warned already. I sent a messenger to bid him be ready to depart at a moment's notice if I should return to advise him that this is necessary. It is necessary; I shall persuade him to retire to Vorobief. Come you with me to his presence; your stalwart form may be of service to-day, though I do not anticipate actual danger.'

Here was an enterprise after my own heart! Oh, I thought, for an opportunity to lay about me among the Tsar's enemies, and for him to see me fight his battle! He should talk no more of disloyalty after this!

Adashef could go where he pleased within the palace, and he led me straight to the Tsar's private apartment, which we entered without ceremony. There we beheld a curious sight.

Side by side upon the ground, on their knees before the *ikon* in the corner of the room, were the young Tsar and his beautiful Tsaritsa, the Romanof *boyarishnya* that was—the latter weeping and crossing herself and praying quietly with shut eyes; the Tsar himself babbling his prayers audibly, repeating over and over again, so far as I could catch it, the response to the Litany

'*Gospode, pomozloy*,' 'Lord, have mercy!' with exceeding rapidity, and crossing himself unceasingly. A third figure was present, that of an old and stately lady, whom I had frequently seen during my late stay in the capital. This was old Anna Glinsky, the grandmother of the Tsar, as to whom there were many murmurings among the people this day, though I could never discover why she was set down by them as a witch, and as directly responsible for the fire; yet this idea certainly became during the day the central conviction of the masses; but as to this, I am anticipating.

Old Anna Glinsky knelt prostrate behind the other two, her forehead touching the ground. As we entered the room she turned and rose to her feet with a cry of terror, but, seeing who we were, resumed her position of prostrate worship.

The Tsar also looked round, pausing an instant in his gabbling to do so. He glanced at Adashef and at me, frowning even at this agitating moment, as his eye met mine, and then returned to his devotions. The Tsaritsa prayed on without opening her eyes.

We stood and waited a minute, and another, and five more, and still the Tsar prayed on. Then Adashef took my arm and led me from the room. Outside he whispered to me that I had best make my way to Vorobief; for the Tsar should not linger in Moscow if he (Adashef) could prevent it, and in half an hour he must be on his way to that country residence. At Vorobief I could be of great service in case of emergency.

As it appeared that my presence was neither desired nor required here, I withdrew, as Adashef suggested, with the intention to make all speed from the city in the direction of the Tsar's country palace.

Just as I was on the point of leaving my companion, the Tsar opened the door of his room and put his head out.

'I am ready, Adashef,' he said. 'I have prayed to the Lord, and we shall be protected in the time of our need; you will see.' Then he frowned, seeing that I still stood with Adashef.

'What do you here?' he said angrily; 'do you not know that Moscow is burning? See that the tiger-cat does not burn also—do you hear me?' My brain reeled at the words. I had not thought of any danger to Vera in this fire. What if she were a prisoner, unable to escape, in some house which lay in the path of the destroyer! I staggered at the thought and nearly fell.

'Go!' he added, stamping his foot at me; 'find her while

you can! Find the brothers also, and send them to me; I have a mind to hang them—for I will have no tiger-cats in Moscow!’

‘Oh, Tsar,’ I groaned, in anguish of spirit, ‘if you know where she is this day, for the love of God tell me, that I may indeed be assured that she is safe from this terror!’ Ivan waxed furious at the words.

‘I neither know nor care!’ he shouted; ‘what is this maiden to me? If she burn with her brothers and all their house, it is what they deserve and no more. Why do they bring this woman to Moscow? Let her burn, I say!—I have married an——’

‘Tsar Ivan Vasilitch,’ said Adashef, laying his hand upon his arm, ‘let this boyar go to Vorobief, where he may be of use to us; it is time that we went. Listen!’

The Tsar listened and paled. Distinctly there came from the square without the sounds of a gathering multitude. ‘It is true,’ said Ivan. ‘Stroganof,’ he continued, turning again towards me, ‘as God is in heaven, Osip Krilof was here this morning, and I refused to see him. I warned him to go hence. Does this satisfy thee? Before all the angels of heaven, Stroganof, I have treated thee better than I ever treated man before this day. Find her, or let her burn—what care I?’ The Tsar laughed, frowned—turned and frowned again, and disappeared. My heart and brain were on fire as I hastened through the corridors and into the street.

But a fearful scene was enacting there; a scene that put for the moment out of my head even thoughts and fears for Vera’s welfare.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MY PRINCESS.

THE Great Uspensky Square, in front of the church of that name, was half full already of a howling, shouting mob of people; this much I saw, and ran back to warn the Tsar and his ladies. But Adashef had not wasted his moments, and I could find neither him nor his master. I therefore returned to the square, trusting that they had made good their retreat by another exit, and mixed with the mob in order to discover, if I could, what was the sense of the people, and what their grievance and intentions: whether, especially, it was the Tsar or the Glinskys who were the particular

object of enmity to this mass of discontented humanity. Very soon I found, to my relief, that it was the Glinsky faction that was in disgrace. The reason astonished me: I heard it from the lips of one of the crowd, the centre of a circle of listeners, who ranted and talked for some moments before I could gather the meaning of his words—‘The hearts of Christian people, whom she has first murdered’—he was saying—‘and boiled them down; and with the water from this hellish stew she has sprinkled the streets of Moscow; and wherever she has done this the fire is spreading or will spread. They are enchanters and witches, these Glinskys, every one of them!’

‘Down with the Glinskys!’ cried a dozen voices.

‘Yes, down with them indeed!’ continued the orator; ‘they have destroyed Moscow and corrupted the young Tsar—down with the Glinskys, or he too will become an enchanter and boil the hearts of Christian people. But, above all, down with Anna Glinsky, the arch-enchantress!’

‘Down with all of them, every one!’ cried some one. ‘Who knows the Glinskys by sight?’

‘I know Yuri,’ said one.

‘And I know Ivan,’ said another; ‘and, of course, Anna Yegorovna!’

‘Then watch for them, for they are sure to come before long,’ said the first speaker, ‘and when each one comes seize him immediately, and—you know how to deal with such people; the fire will not burn itself out until we have finished with Anna and her devil-whelps!’

‘Rope or stones?’ shouted some one, ‘or plain sticks?’

‘Yes, yes; that or anything, stones or swords—their own swords, if you like; only let them be wiped out.’

Just at this moment a boyar strode quickly into the square, making for the palace; I knew him at once; it was Yuri Glinsky, the Tsar’s uncle. He evidently suspected nothing of the disturbance or of his own danger, for he went proudly, as usual, disdaining the plebeian throng, and neither thinking of them nor listening to them.

‘See, there goes one of them!’ cried some one. ‘It is Yuri Glinsky.’

‘He is right; it is one of the accursed!’ cried another.

‘Down with him!’ shouted a dozen voices; ‘down with all the Glinskys!’

Yuri could not now fail to observe the menacing aspect of the



crowd; he started and flushed, and was about to speak, when a stone struck him in the chest. He was close to the door of the Uspensky Church, and he darted into it for sanctuary.

But a dozen or more of the crowd darted in after him, and a moment later these reappeared, dragging their victim between them. Instantly he was despatched, and his body hacked into a thousand little pieces, which were straightway trampled into the dust of the square.

'Well done, brothers, well done!' cried the agitator, who, I observed, took no part in the actual performance of this swift but terrible tragedy; 'there is one of the devil's brood accounted for! Now watch for Ivan—and then we will demand Anna herself—the arch-fiend!'

That 'watching' for Ivan Glinsky proved fatal to several unfortunate boyars who, if not innocent persons themselves, at all events were not Glinskys. A young Kojin was caught and killed, by mistake; so also was a Sheremetieff, and young Ignatieff, whom I knew by sight, all his protests being unavailing because some one in the crowd declared that he was Ivan Glinsky. Then a fourth mistake was nearly made. I thank the Most Merciful that I was enabled to prevent it, for otherwise—but let me describe what happened.

Watching, as I was—like the rest—the top of the square, I suddenly beheld a boyar enter among the throng of people still crowding in, whose face at the distance that separated us seemed remarkably familiar. It was, I saw at once, either Osip Krilof, Vera's eldest brother, or some one so like him that they might be mistaken one for the other. As he drew nearer I became more and more certain that this was indeed Osip and no other, and the discovery so excited me that I began to struggle towards him through the crowd, and grasped him tightly by the arm as I came near enough to do so, shouting—perhaps involuntarily—that I had found him at last and shaking him, in my fury and agitation, as a cat would a mouse. This fury of mine the crowd misinterpreted, and a cry was instantly raised that here was a Glinsky. Half a score of rough hands laid hold on him in a moment, and a score of stones were raised to hurl at his head.

'Stop, idiots!' I shouted, shaking off those whose hands were already upon him; 'this is no more a Glinsky than I am. You have murdered three innocent men; is not that enough for you?'

'May be you're a Glinsky yourself!' shouted some one, and



the cry was taken up by two or three. One fellow laid his hand upon me; I stretched him at my feet with a blow of the fist.

'Do the Glinskys strike like that?' I asked, 'and am I of the age of the Glinskys? They are men of forty and more; I am scarcely eighteen. I am Stroganof—let me alone, fools, and this man also; he is a Krilof, a stranger in Moscow like myself, and has nothing to do with the Glinskys.'

'His name is Stroganof, right enough,' cried some one—and I was grateful indeed to my unknown friend—'for I heard the godsmen, Ivan Blajenny, call him so yesterday. I don't know about the other—he may be a Glinsky, but he looks full young for one of that litter!'

Luckily another unfortunate now entered the square, and attention was centred upon him, we apparently having successfully passed through the ordeal; and I took the opportunity of dragging my man out of the Kremlin enclosure and into a quiet street. The roar of the crowds continued upon our right hand; upon the left, the flame and smoke of a thousand burning houses looked like the very pit of hell, and the shouts and shrieks that came up from the blackness and glare might have been the voices of the lost spirits.

'Come,' I said, 'where is she? Quickly—is she in danger from the fire?—that first!'

'Before God—no!' said Osip, who looked half dead with terror, 'or I should not be here!'

'Then lead me to her at once,' I said, still retaining my hold upon his arm, 'and the quicker we go the better chance for thee that I spare thy life!'

'My life?' he said, 'but what if I take yours? And what if I refuse altogether to lead you to my sister?'

'Then, Osip,' I said, 'I take you back to the Uspensky Square, and you are Ivan Glinsky again; I have seen four Ivan Glinskys cut up into a thousand pieces this day, and trampled in the dust.' I could see Osip tremble, and his face was the colour of ash; but the Krilofs have spirit, and he showed as bold a front as he could.

'If you were a man,' he said, 'you would fight me fair, here and now; but you are a coward and threaten me with the mob.'

'Very well,' I replied; 'then I am a coward—for the present. I will fight you fair afterwards, if need be—though I shall certainly kill you, Osip, if we fight. But for the present I am a coward, and you shall lead me to Vera; now march!'

'I will not,' said he, setting his face.

'Very well, Ivan Glinsky,' I said, 'then ho! for the Uspensky!' and with the words I dragged him towards the Kremlin; I was three times as strong as he, and he knew it, though he struggled.

'Stop,' he said, 'and let go; I will take you to Vera.'

'Spoken like a wise man,' said I; 'it is better to be Osip Krilof in one piece than Ivan Glinsky in a thousand! Lead on!'

Through big and little streets we went, now almost within the smoke and heat of the fire and half choked with the horrid fumes; now leaving these, as well as the roar of the flames and the shouts and shrieks of the population far behind us, until at last we were in the very outskirts of the city and at no great distance from that very Vorobieff to which the Tsar was to fly, or had already retreated. Here, standing alone in the midst of a tangled garden, was an old wooden *dacha*, or country house, and there—sure enough—as I gazed up at the windows: there, from one of these at the top of the house, fluttered the promised white handkerchief.

My poor Vera, how should I ever have found her but for the accident of the Glinsky riot? She might well have stayed on here for the full two years and I should never have discovered her!

I had spoken no word to Osip during the whole length of our walk, nor he to me, neither did I now; but I pushed him before me up the stairs, he haggard with fury and perhaps with shame, I haggard also with fury and with eagerness to behold once again my beloved princess.

The door was locked from outside. Osip unlocked it without a word, and returned down the stairs. I neither thought nor cared what had become of him; I only knew that I had found my betrothed, and that she was folded once again in my arms.

When I descended the stairs, presently, with Vera, Osip was waiting for us at the bottom with drawn sword; I drew mine also.

'Now,' he said, 'to the garden!' I would have dissuaded him, but he would not hear of it, though he knew he had no chance against me.

'Be content, Osip, and go back to Kamka, you and Feodor,' I said; 'I would not shed your blood.'

'But I will shed yours,' said he, 'if I can; come, defend!'

There was no help for it. 'I will not slay him outright, Vera,' I whispered. Vera was very pale, but her face was set and firm.

'He is in your hands, and God's,' she said.

'Stay here, my soul, and trust me!' I whispered back, and then I went into the garden, and we set to in earnest.

Osip did his best, but in two minutes I had him breathless and at mercy. 'I can kill you now, Osip,' I said, 'and if I thought you would have sold your sister this day to the Tsar, I would!'

'The Krilofs do not even imagine such things,' he panted.

I am certain that Osip Krilof spoke only the truth.

'Then why are you in Moscow, and why was she locked up, and why did you visit the Tsar this day?' I asked, fencing languidly to give him breath. Neither of us was an accomplished swordsman, but I was stronger, and had a quicker eye than he, and was also in better condition.

'To the first two questions I answer, in order to keep her safe from meddling and undesired suitors; as for my visit to the Tsar, he saw me and sent for me!'

'Oh!' I said, surprised; 'and then refused to see you?'

'That is true,' said Osip, flushing. We fenced a little while in silence.

'Now, Krilof, will you shake hands upon the past, and go hence where you will?' I cried at last.

'What, with the man who slew my brother? Not I,' said Osip; 'do your worst.'

'My worst I will not do,' I said, 'but if you must have the point, the point you shall have!' and I drove my man backwards till I could plant my weapon where I would, which was in the upper portion of his sword-arm. He dropped his sword with a cry and leant against a tree. I would have bound his wound for him, but he waved me off savagely.

'If you will not,' I said, 'then you will not; I can do no more!' and with these words I bowed and departed.

I reassured Vera as to the well-being of Osip, and then we two set out for Vorobief, for I was obliged to take her with me, having nowhere else to leave her.

There were many others, I found, also on the way to Vorobief, and among these I soon recognised, to my astonishment and consternation, the agitator of the Uspensky Square. He being here, I concluded, the real Ivan Glinsky must have been caught and killed; and now he is on the way to Vorobief to demand Anna Glinsky at the Tsar's hands, even as he threatened. The mob must then have sought the Tsar at the Kremlin, and found him

flown. Good Adashef! Naturally only a very small proportion of the Kremlin crowd had followed the ringleader so far out as this; but there was a mob quite sufficiently large to be significant, and—since it consisted, naturally, of the bolder and more savage spirits—dangerous.

In the courtyard at Vorobief, two or three hundred noisy persons assembled, and commenced to shout as soon as they arrived, hammering also at the doors and lower windows of the house in which the Tsar lived, and in which he was actually ensconced at that very moment, both he and the 'Enchantress,' Anna Glinsky, whose name was on the lips of the turbulent people.

As for me, I stood on the fringe of the crowd nearest the palace; for in case of emergency my place must, of course, be at the Tsar's side. I bade Vera keep farther back, and hide her face as much as possible, for it was just as well that the Tsar should not see her, if, as was likely enough to be the case, he was even now watching us all from an upper window. I feared that the mob might, in a moment of fury and excitement, break open the door and flow like a flood throughout the building, slaying whomsoever they met—Tsar, or boyar, or boyarina. If they did so, I should endeavour to be the first in, and to hold the stairs.

But while I waited and revolved all this with beating heart, a memorable and wonderful thing happened—a thing which renewed and revived all my love and admiration for my young but most imperial master, if, indeed, that love and admiration had ever really failed, in spite of our repeated disagreements and quarrels.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### FLIGHT.

In a word, the door suddenly opened wide, and out walked the young Tsar himself, his face pale with anger, but instinct with majesty; unarmed, excepting for the usual spiked staff, but attired in a magnificent kaftan as though for a state reception. Behind him were Nikita Romanof, the brother of the Tsaritsa, and Adashef. His falcon eyes ranged over the crowd very haughtily; but happily they observed only generally and not particularly, and both I and Vera escaped notice. The Tsar looked marvellously young and boyish for all his majesty.

'Well,' he said, 'my children, what means this noise and tumult?'

Several voices in the crowd shouted 'Anna Glinsky! we demand Anna Glinsky!'

'Indeed?' said the young Tsar, very haughtily, 'you demand Anna Glinsky, the august grandmother of your Sovereign; and why do you demand at my hands this gracious and august lady?'

'She has murdered the orthodox and boiled their hearts in water!' cried one or two.

'And with that water she has sprinkled the streets of Moscow, thus causing the fire!' cried others.

'She is a witch and a devil!' shrieked one enthusiast; 'we will cut her in pieces and thus save you from her, Ivan Vasilitch, whether you will or no!'

'Indeed, is it so, my children?' said the Tsar, preserving his composure marvellously, considering his passionate spirit. 'Go back, then, to your homes, and save your goods and your children from the fire. The Almighty has sent this infliction for your own sins, not for any misdeeds of the great lady whose name you pollute by uttering it; go home, I say, before I reconsider my mercy towards you!'

But some of the people, encouraged by my friend the agitator from the Kremlin, still shouted, 'Anna Glinsky, we will have the witch! Let her be thrown down to us! We will not depart without her!'

Then asserted himself the real Ivan. 'You dogs!' he shrieked, flushing red with rising passion; 'must I drive you away with my own hands?'

Some one at my elbow cried, 'Down with the grandson of the witch!' I, without a thought of the consequences, turned instantly and felled the man. Adashef and Romanof stepped in front of the Tsar, drawing their swords; Ivan pushed them angrily aside; some of the crowd began to sneak out of the yard; all fell back a pace or two, all excepting my fallen friend. I had struck him with my fist only, but he lay still, breathing stertorously, and unconscious. Ivan stepped forward, as though to mingle with the crowd; his face was white, with one red spot in each cheek; his eyes wore their wildest expression.

'Let another man say "Down with the Tsar!"' he shouted. No one spoke.

'What, only one traitor among you all?' he said witheringly,

'or many cowards? Let another man cry "Down with Anna Glinksky!"' Still no one spoke.

'Good; then you may go,' said the Tsar, 'most of you; a few will stay behind. I have seen who are the offenders; step out, you sir,' he continued, addressing the agitator, the real ringleader of the mob. 'I have observed your energy, which must be tamed; you are dissatisfied, is it not so?' As though without design, the Tsar brought his spike down, pinning the wretched man's foot to the ground. He yelled and shrieked with the pain of it; most of the crowd took alarm instantly and retired like a flock of sheep. I saw Vera leave the yard among the rest, and signed to her to wait outside, for I longed to make my peace with the Tsar.

But not all of the mob were allowed to depart. The Tsar's wonderful eye seemed to have marked every one of those who had constituted themselves the mouthpieces of the rest, and each of these was stopped and detained by his orders. What became of them and of the ringleader I never learned. My victim still lay groaning on the ground, and was removed with the rest, still unconscious.

The Tsar stood talking with Adashef. He looked over his shoulder once or twice and scowled at me; this disappointed me greatly, for though my service had been of the smallest, yet I had hoped that, such as it was, he would have accounted it a virtue. Adashef came and spoke to me presently, seeing that I still lingered; the Tsar was unaccountably angry with me, he said, and would prefer it if I withdrew without waiting for an audience. There was, therefore, nothing to be done, and I prepared to depart. As I neared the entrance to the courtyard, however, hearing footsteps behind me, I turned and saw the Tsar following me. He looked pale and careworn, and signed to me to stop; the boyars had remained behind.

'I see you have found her, after all,' he said, and I could distinctly see him tremble with agitation as he spoke. He glanced at the gate of the yard. 'Is the *boyarishnya* well?'

Nothing, then, had escaped that hawk-eye!

'Perfectly well, your Highness!' I said; 'she was a prisoner; I found Osip Krilof and compelled him to release her.'

'Where is Osip Krilof?' asked the Tsar, in a curious, hungry-like manner.

I told him where I had found Vera.

'And she is well?' repeated Ivan.



'Well, and beautiful as ever,' I said foolishly.

'She was certainly beautiful,' the Tsar rejoined, musingly; 'as beautiful as the splendour of the morning. And now,' he continued, 'you will take her to Perm—and marry her?'

'Yes,' I said; 'and marry her.'

'Marry whom you will,' said the Tsar, growing a shade paler; 'what is it to me?'

'It is nothing to thee, Tsar Ivan Vasilitch,' I said boldly, looking him in the eyes. He flushed and stamped, and I feared for a moment that his present placable temper might change for the worse; but he controlled himself.

'It is this to me,' he said, 'that, having married this woman, thou shalt never look upon my face again; nor I on thine, or on hers.'

'That must be as God wills, Tsar Ivan Vasilitch,' I said; 'who knows, there may come a day when I shall have deserved so well of thee that all this will be forgotten and forgiven!'

'Never, Stroganof; assure yourself of that,' he said earnestly; 'you are to choose now and for ever; nay, you need not speak; the choice is made already. I know it well! Now go, and go quickly; and God forgive thee and me that which we do or design amiss!' The Tsar embraced me—I felt a wondrous love and pity for him at this moment; but I knew that his mood would change, and that I could not count upon his favour, even this much of it, from hour to hour, therefore I said nothing.

'Now go,' he repeated, 'lest I suddenly kill thee, Sasha.' My eyes were full of tears as I prepared to leave him. 'Stay,' he said, 'is she here at hand? Nay, I know she is; I feel it——'

'She waits without,' I said.

'Then fetch her, Sasha, that I may bid her farewell,' he said, and I could see that his hands were all a-tremble, and his lips twitched convulsively. 'And—stay—' he added, 'let me tell you this, Sasha, when you go away, you and she, now, I mean, after this, take horses and ride, and, for the love of God, and for the sake of your own love, ride quickly. Do you understand me? Ride quickly, as though the devil were after you!'

'I understand,' I said.

'Now bring her to me, bring her to me; I will see her once again,' he said hoarsely, 'and then perhaps no more.'

I went in search of Vera, and found her close at hand. She was surprised and somewhat agitated to hear that the Tsar desired to bid her farewell; but I reassured her, telling her of his



marvellously softened mood, and conducted her back to the courtyard.

But when we reached the place at which I had left the Tsar, the yard was empty, and I saw no trace of Ivan.

'Come away, Sasha,' said Vera; 'come away, quickly; it is better so.' And then, as we hurried back to Moscow, my princess told me that she had caught sight of the Tsar's face, half hidden, at a window, and that she was startled at the paleness of it.

The city of Moscow was at this time a terrible sight. Through the city in several directions ran wide pathways of ruin and desolation, and the flames still continued their onward march. Wherever the eye rested there was the same horrid spectacle of blazing, smoking ruins, and of weeping men and wailing women and shrieking children. The hand of God lay heavy indeed upon Moscow on that dread day of wrath, and it is said that a full half of the city was burned down during this and the following days. We ourselves saw, as we passed, the Krilof mansion on fire, but did not stay to watch the destruction. My own, or rather our family house, still stood, but the servants were busy removing valuables in carts and on horseback, with the intention of carrying everything worth the trouble to a small estate which we own near the Troitsky Monastery. Luckily there were still horses in the stable, and my princess and I lost no time in selecting the two most promising of these and mounting them; and so, with scarce a moment's delay, we started upon our long ride, for I remembered the Tsar's words, and understood well enough that Ivan knew his own disposition, and that he would act as his passion dictated when in the evil mood.

Therefore we rode fast and spared not our horses, and when night fell—the animals still having a measure of strength in them—we did not stop to rest, but rode on until they could run no farther. I had told Vera of the Tsar's warning, and she had flushed and then laughed, and said that she never liked the Tsar so well as for that speech.

'But,' she had added, 'I shall love him the better for every mile that we can place between him and us!'

When the horses were tired out, Vera's spirit still upheld her; but she was very weary, for all her spirit, and I was glad to reach a village which contained the house of a boyar well known to me; and though he himself was absent in Moscow, his servants received us—as they would have received any others of boyar rank that demanded hospitality—and I had the unspeakable bliss of reflect-

ing that my princess was safe and free, and—better than this—resting peacefully under the same roof as I, and under my own protection. Nor man nor devil, I said to myself, should tear her from me again. In which blessed assurance I too fell asleep, and rested right well, for, in truth, I had had a fatiguing day.

On the following morning we were up and off again, and—since there is little to relate of this rapid retreat until we reached Ruchief, excepting that we rode almost night and day until we approached that blessed village—it may as well be said at once that we galloped safely up to the porch of our good priest's house, he being overjoyed to see us together and safe, and that by this holy man my princess and I were duly, though hurriedly, united in those sacred bonds of union which even Tsars cannot loosen if they would. But though, by the mercy of the Highest, we thus attained the summit of our desires and the supremity of happiness, yet we were not by any means quit of our troubles and the dangers of the retreat.

We had seen nothing of any pursuers up to this point, and I had begun to be quite sanguine as to the permanent reform in the Tsar's disposition.

'His benevolence has lasted, Vera, for once!' I said. Vera shook her head.

'I do not trust his benevolence,' she said; 'he is two men in one, and never either for long. He will have regretted his kindness after an hour of benevolence, and when the other humour came, in its turn, he probably sent an armed party after us. And if not he, then my brothers. We must not delay, Sasha, my soul; let us ride on!'

Vera was right. Even though the Tsar had remained kind—which was unlikely—her brothers would leave no stone unturned to assemble a party and pursue us most relentlessly.

'Shall I tell you what I think of the Tsar in this matter, Vera?' I said, as we rode gaily together, man and wife now, and light of heart and joyous as the birds that sang around us this glorious day in early July.

'What?' she said, laughing; 'that he is like a spoilt child that would have all the toys to play with and the rest none?'

'Nay—rather that he is to be pitied and loved for what he has done and felt.'

'And what is that?' asked Vera, blushing a little.

'He has seen my princess,' I replied gallantly, 'and that is the same as saying that he loves her.'

'Nay,' said Vera, flushing more deeply, 'it is the Romanof that he loves; can a man love two women at once?'

'I cannot,' I said; 'but upon my soul it looks as though a Tsar can. Do you think he loves the Romanof?'

'Certainly,' said Vera, 'in one way.'

'And thee in another?'

'If you will have it so,' said she, 'me in another. Perhaps her with his good self, and me with the evil; who knows? He is a double man, two men in one; all who know him are aware of that.'

This was a novel theory indeed.

'And which loves the more, the good Ivan or the evil Ivan?' I asked, laughing.

'I think we will speak of something else,' she said; 'I am tired of the Tsar for a subject.'

'But, seriously, my soul,' said I, 'I am full of great pity for this young Tsar; for, who knows? it is possible that he has made a great sacrifice; such a sacrifice as I—had I been in his place—could never have made. If I were to tell you my honest opinion of Ivan and his loves, I should be obliged to say that this Ivan-lover which loves the Tsaritsa is a pigmy compared with the giant-lover Ivan that loves thee!'

'And if I am to be as truthful as thou,' said Vera, looking straight into my eyes with her own superb, fearless orbs; 'if I am to be as truthful as thou, my soul, I must say I think thy words are right. I know what I know. And therefore, I say, let us ride on and delay not!'

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE FIGHT ON THE STAIRS.

As we journeyed on day after day towards the Kama and our home, we became more and more sanguine that we were after all to be allowed to reach our destination without interference; and we were already safely across the Viatka river and a day's journey beyond before the storm broke over us. As a matter of fact, we had travelled very fast up to Ruchief, so fast that I doubted whether there existed another maiden in all Russia who could have ridden so far in the time as my Vera did; but Vera was ever

as much at home on horseback as upon her own feet, and had been accustomed to gallop over field and forest from her earliest infancy. But from Ruchief onwards we had ridden somewhat more easily, and thus gave our enemies the opportunity to overtake us, though we had up to this time handsomely outstripped our pursuers.

We had claimed *noch-liog*, or a night's rest, at the house of a boyar at about a day's ride from the Viatka river at Oordjoom. This boyar—Katkof by name—received us somewhat unwillingly, and I had more than a mind to ride on and find a less churlish host farther afield, but that Vera was tired with the hot sun and the dust of the plains we had crossed during the day. So we stayed on and made the best of accommodation unwillingly bestowed and of a supper of black bread and salted *soodak* from the Viatka, washed down with the *kvass* of the country, a sickly drink beloved by the peasants, but seldom, I am glad to say, placed before boyars.

As we sat at supper with our churl of a host, there came the sound of horses ridden swiftly, and a cavalcade consisting, to judge from the noise of the hoofs, of a large number of mounted men, approached the house. The night was hot and the windows open, so that it was easy to hear and distinguish every word that was said outside.

'Stop here!' cried a voice I recognised at once. 'I will not ride another yard. Get down, Feodor, and claim the *noch-liog*.'

I glanced at Vera. She was pale as milk, and her hand trembled for one moment; she had recognised the speaker as I had—it was her brother Osip. Then came a great hammering at the door, and the voice of our host grumbling and cursing in the corridor without.

'Tell them to go back to the village, or to go to the devil,' said he to the serf who went to open the door. 'We have one party here already, and no room for more; I cannot give the *noch-liog* to all the Tsar's boyars at once.'

I dragged Vera swiftly out of the door and up the winding wooden stair to the upper story. At the top of the stairs I took my stand, placing my princess behind me. Vera was armed with dagger and pistol; I had insisted upon her carrying both. I had sword and dagger, but no pistol.

Meanwhile an altercation proceeded downstairs. I heard the serf give his master's message, couched in politer terms, and I

heard the reply, in Feodor Krilof's voice, inquiring what the party consisted of that had already claimed the night-shelter, and the serf's again, describing us. Then Feodor and Osip consulted in tones which did not reach me; and presently Osip bade the serf fetch his master, which the man did.

The old boyar, alarmed at the size of the party, was all courtesy and graciousness. He would gladly, he said, accommodate all, but he was a poor man, though a boyarin, and his house was small, and two persons had already claimed hospitality this night.

'Then first show us these persons,' said Osip, 'and if they prove to be those we seek, we will relieve you both of their company and of our own.'

To this the boyar replied with alacrity that if they had authority to take these persons by force, they might do so and welcome, for all he cared; but if they were without authority, how could he commit the sin of breach of hospitality?

'As to that,' said Osip, 'you are right; but we carry the Tsar's *ookaz*, which overrides the laws of the *noch-liog*.'

'The Tsar's *ookaz*!' repeated our host; 'then come in, in Heaven's name; my house is yours and all that is in it!'

'Not quite all, boyar!' I shouted from the top of the stairs. 'We two are not his just yet. Come up and fetch us, Osip, if you desire us!' I glanced at Vera; her eyes were ablaze and her cheeks flushed; she threw her arms about me and kissed me passionately. 'Yes, yes!' she said, 'let them come!'

There was a long silence downstairs, and then much whispering, in which our host took his share, a fact which I remembered afterwards, and presently Osip Krilof came up the stairs alone; we could hear his steps mounting towards us before he came in sight, the stairs being circular; at last he appeared.

He took no notice of me, but spoke to my princess.

'Vera,' he said, 'come down; it is the *ookaz* of the Tsar.'

'Here is my Tsar,' said Vera, 'and him I obey.'

'Would you then disobey our Sovereign?' continued her brother; 'and as for this man, he is no Tsar, but a traitor boyar whom I have authority to slay like a dog.'

I laughed aloud.

'Can a woman then disobey her husband?' said Vera; 'and as for this man, he is no traitor, but a better man than you, Osip, my brother; and as for slaying him, why you have tried it before, little soul; see that he does not slay you instead!'

'Do you tell me that you have married a Stroganof?' said Osip, trembling with rage. 'Tell me you have not yet done this, Vera!'

'I have both done it and rejoice to have done it,' said my beautiful wife.

Osip reeled and leant against the stair-rail, but he spoke with spirit, though cruelly.

'I should curse thee,' he said, 'but that it matters little; for when we have cut this husband of thine to pieces and cast him to the dogs, thou shalt obey the Tsar, sweet widow-sister!'

'Osip,' I cried, mad with rage, 'for that speech you shall die.'

'Perhaps,' he said; 'I care not whether my sister's husband slay one or two or all of her brothers, since she has disgraced herself by marrying the murderer of one!'

'Osip,' said Vera, 'thou art a coward and a liar, though my brother. Is it murder to defend oneself, when five men fall upon one man?'

'He is guilty of thy brother's blood,' replied Osip, somewhat confusedly; 'that should be enough for a dutiful sister!'

'Come, an end of this!' I cried, stamping my foot; 'go down and fetch your friends, and let us begin this comedy. How many swords are there to one this time?'

'That you shall see soon enough!' said Osip, flushing red, and with the words he turned and went down.

'Oh, my love,' whispered Vera, 'it is hard that it should come to this, that thou must shed my brothers' blood, or they thine!' Poor Vera's eyes were full of tears.

'Be comforted, sweet soul,' I said, 'I will die rather than slay a second of your brothers. I spoke in anger; they are safe.'

'Nay, if it come to that,' said Vera, weeping, 'you shall not die, my Sasha; for I myself will slay them rather than they thee!' I kissed her and laughed, and said that perhaps, by the mercy of the Highest, we might yet escape without the blood-shedding of either husband, or brothers; but after this we had no more time for speaking, for the attack began, and for a short while I was somewhat busy and found little leisure for speech.

The stairs were wide enough for two men abreast, but scarcely wide enough for both to fight comfortably. I have said that at this time I was a mere tyro in the art of swordsmanship. In after years I achieved great reputation as a swordsman, and became, I may say it without vanity, the most accomplished fencer in the



Tsar's dominions, thanks to the instruction which I received in the art during my sojourn in England, to which country I returned with the Englishman Chancellor and again with Jenkinson, both these great explorers and travellers (good and brave men, both) being, at that time, intimate friends of mine. But now, at the age of eighteen, I was a mere hacker with the sword, like all my countrymen—only, being dowered by the Almighty with muscles like the hoop-bands of a cask, and with the chest of a bull, I could hack harder than most. So then, this hacking-match began, and began well; for first of all came Osip Krilof and another, and having sliced that other almost in two halves, I seized him and hurled his body full at Osip's head, and both Osip and he tumbled out of sight downstairs, to the confusion of those that stood below them. Feodor Krilof next appeared and hacked bravely at me, for Feodor, like the rest, had plenty of spirit; but I easily knocked the sword from his hand, and with my foot suddenly raised to his chest, sent him flying after Osip.

Then came a mixed host of young boyars, some of whom I knew by sight, and serf-soldiers, many of whom I killed or wounded, and one of whom just grazed my arm with his weapon. The chances of the battle were all in my favour, for I had the advantage of position; and, besides this, my enemies were unable to fight conveniently, for each man hampered his neighbour, and my opponents scolded and swore at one another as they fought, while I laughed and mocked at them.

But suddenly the battle took a new turn. When we had fought for five minutes, I was startled by a sudden cry from Vera, and at the same moment, looking round, I just swerved in time to escape a lunge from one of two men who had somehow come upon us from the rear. This was, of course, by the treachery of our host, who had shown how this could be effected; and the attack from behind was part and parcel of the plan of operation. At the same instant, the second man threw himself with all his weight against me and precipitated me head first down the stairs. Two men, against whom I collided, fell with me, and we struggled furiously together on the wooden steps, those behind digging at me with their swords and wounding sometimes me and sometimes their own friends, but neither seriously, for they dared not strike hard for fear of slaying their own. In an instant, or little more, I was upon my feet again and laying about me right lustily, for my sword-arm was as yet untouched, and as I rose I heard Vera's pistol explode, and a man came tumbling down the steps, almost

knocking me off my feet. I rushed upwards, frantic with alarm for Vera, but as I sped some one threw a dagger from behind which fixed itself in the flesh of my sword-arm, and when I instinctively tried to raise my left arm to draw it forth, I found that I could not move that limb, which had been wounded during my struggle on the ground. But, to my joy, Vera was safe and unhurt. The second of the two men who had attacked me from the rear lay writhing in his death-agony, pierced by her dagger. Vera was panting and pale, but smiled and said :

‘They tried to drag me away behind there, but—Holy Mother of the Most Blessed, my Sasha, what ails you? You are pale!’

‘It is nothing!’ I said; and then, Vera tells me, I fainted.

For the rest of the story of this battle I am indebted to Vera’s account, which I have at different times and with great difficulty—by reason of her modesty—extracted from her.

After I fainted and fell against the stair-rail—and before those of my foes who still remained capable of the exertion could get at me to despatch me—Vera picked up my sword, and stood between me and them and dared them, the dagger in one hand and the sword in the other. The men laughed, and bade her get out of the way lest hurt befall her.

‘And what will the Tsar say then?’ said Vera, whereupon the fellows laughed no more.

Then Vera wound her arms about me and dragged me downstairs, placing her body ever between mine and the swords of those who looked threateningly, saying that as heaven was above her, if any blow were aimed, it should strike herself and not me; and these men, knowing well that the Tsar’s most terrible wrath would assail all if evil should befall this princess, dared not strike.

And so Vera conveyed me—half carrying and half dragging—down the stairs, past five dead bodies and several wounded ones, and past her own brothers Osip and Feodor, both wounded and sitting groaning on the steps, into the open air, and across the road into the forest, where she laid me down and bathed my temples with water from a moss pool. Here I soon revived, and was able to count and see to my wounds, of which there were no less than nine, though none very serious. Vera washed them one and all, and bound them with pieces of her own and my garments, and within half an hour I was able, though stiff and in much pain, to crawl with my beloved deeper into the heart of the forest, so

that we might feel secure, at least for the present, from our cruel persecutors. There were not more than three or four, Vera said, capable of sallying forth to look for us, and these were probably too busy looking after the wounds of their own people to have much time to spare for us. They had watched us into the wood, however, said Vera, and doubtless relied upon my wounded condition to easily find us whenever they should think fit to start in search.

This, we both thought, would be to-morrow morning at latest.

*(To be continued.)*

## *Mr. Morris's Poems.*

'ENOUGH,' said the pupil of the wise Imlac, 'you have convinced me that no man can be a poet.' The study of Mr. William Morris's poems, in the new collected edition,<sup>1</sup> has convinced me that no man, or, at least, no middle-aged man, can be a critic. I read Mr. Morris's poems (thanks to the knightly honours conferred on the Bard of Penrhyn, there is now no ambiguity as to 'Mr. Morris'), but it is not the book only that I read. The scroll of my youth is unfolded. I see the dear place where first I perused *The Blue Closet*; the old faces of old friends flock around me; old chaff, old laughter, old happiness re-echo and revive. St. Andrews, Oxford, come before the mind's eye, with

Many a place  
That's in sad case  
Where joy was wont afore, oh!

as Minstrel Burne sings. These voices, faces, landscapes mingle with the music and blur the pictures of the poet who enchanted for us certain hours passed in the paradise of youth. A reviewer who finds himself in this case may as well frankly confess that he can no more criticise Mr. Morris dispassionately than he could criticise his old self and the friends whom he shall never see again, till he meets them

• Beyond the sphere of time,  
And sin, and grief's control,  
Serene in changeless prime  
Of body and of soul.

To write of one's own 'adventures among books' may be to provide anecdotage more or less trivial, more or less futile, but, at

<sup>1</sup> Longmans.

least, it is to write historically. We know how books have affected, and do affect, ourselves, our bundle of prejudices and tastes, of old impressions and revived sensations. To judge books dispassionately and impersonally is much more difficult—indeed, it is practically impossible, for our own tastes and experiences must, more or less, modify our verdicts, do what we will. However, the effort must be made, for to say that, at a certain age, in certain circumstances, an individual took much pleasure in ‘*The Life and Death of Jason*,’ the present of a college friend, is certainly not to criticise *The Life and Death of Jason*.

There have been three blossoming times in the English poetry of the nineteenth century. The first dates from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and, later, from Shelley, Byron, Keats. By 1822 the blossoming time was over, and Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, soon ceased to publish poetry. This ‘great refusal’ he had reason to regret, for the second blossoming time began in 1830–1833, with young Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. It broke forth again in 1842 and did not practically cease till England’s greatest laureate sang of the ‘Crossing of the Bar.’ But while Tennyson put out his full strength in 1842, and Mr. Browning rather later, in *Bells and Pomegranates (Men and Women)*, the third spring came in 1858, with Mr. Morris’s *Defence of Guinevere*, and flowered till Mr. Swinburne’s *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared in 1865, followed by his poems of 1866. Mr. Rossetti’s book of 1870 belonged, in date of composition, mainly to this period. Since then poetry has not given us more than a few charming scattered lyrics, of Mr. Bridges, Mr. Watson, and one or two others who are of very intermittent inspiration. A reviewer who, like myself, was a schoolboy or an undergraduate in the third vernal season of the century’s verse—who was then in the age of enthusiasm, appreciation, imitation—knows well that his judgment of Mr. Morris must have a strong personal bias.

In 1858, when *The Defence of Guinevere* came out, Mr. Morris must have been but a year or two from his undergraduateship. Every one has heard enough about his companions, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Rossetti, Canon Dixon, and the others of the old *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, where Mr. Morris’s wonderful prose fantasies are buried. Why should they not be revived, these strangely coloured and magical dreams? As literature, I prefer them vastly above Mr. Morris’s later romances in prose—*The Hollow Land* above *News from Nowhere*! Mr. Morris and his friends were active in the fresh dawn of a new romanticism,

a mediæval and Catholic revival, with very little Catholicism in it for the most part. This revival is more 'innerly,' as the Scotch say, more intimate, more 'earnest' than the larger and more genial, if more superficial, restoration by Scott. The painful doubt, the scepticism of the Ages of Faith, the dark hours of that epoch, its fantasy, cruelty, luxury, no less than its colour and passion, inform Mr. Morris's first poems. The fourteenth and the early fifteenth century is his 'period.' In *The Defence of Guinevere* he is not under the influence of Chaucer, whose narrative manner, without one grain of his humour, inspires *The Life and Death of Jason* and *The Earthly Paradise*. In the early book the rugged style of Mr. Browning has left a mark. There are cockney rhymes, too, such as 'short' rhyming to 'thought.'<sup>1</sup> But, on the whole, Mr. Morris's early manner was all his own, nor has he ever returned to it. In the first poem, 'The Queen's Apology,' is this passage:

' Listen, suppose your time were come to die,  
And you were quite alone and very weak;  
Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

' The wind was ruffling up the narrow streak  
Of river through your broad lands running well:  
Suppose a hush should come, then some one speak:

' "One of these cloths is heaven, and one is hell,  
Now choose one cloth for ever, which they be,  
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell

' "Of your own strength and mightiness; here, see!"  
Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your eyes,  
At foot of your familiar bed to see

' A great God's angel standing, with such dyes,  
Not known on earth, on his great wings, and hands,  
Held out two ways, light from the inner skies

' Showing him well, and making his commands  
Seem to be God's commands, moreover, too,  
Holding within his hands the cloths on wands;

' And one of these strange choosing cloths was blue,  
Wavy and long, and one cut short and red;  
No man could tell the better of the two.

<sup>1</sup> The new edition is not free from typographical errors: *teste noir*, and 'son' for 'sun.'



'After a shivering half-hour you said,  
 "God help! heaven's colour, the blue;" and he  
 said, "hell."  
 Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,  
 'And cry to all good men that loved you well,  
 "Ah Christ! if only I had known, known, known."'

There was nothing like that before in English poetry; it has the *bizarrerie* of a new thing in beauty. How far it is really beautiful how can I tell? How can I discount the 'personal bias'? Only I know that it is unforgettable. Again (Galahad speaks):

'I saw  
 One sitting on the altar as a throne,  
 Whose face no man could say he did not know,  
 And, though the bell still rang, he sat alone,  
 With raiment half blood-red, half white as snow.'

Such things made their own special ineffaceable impact.

Leaving the Arthurian cycle, Mr. Morris entered on his especially sympathetic period—the gloom and sad sunset glory of the late fourteenth century, the age of Froissart and wicked, wasteful wars. To Froissart it all seemed one magnificent pageant of knightly and kingly fortunes; he only murmurs a 'great pity' for the death of a knight or the massacre of a town. It is rather the pity of it that Mr. Morris sees hearts broken in a corner, as in *Sir Peter Harpden's End*, or beside *The Haystack in the Floods*. Here is a picture like life of what befell a hundred times. Lady Alice de la Barde hears of the death of her knight:

ALICE.

Can you talk faster, sir,  
 Get over all this quicker! fix your eyes  
 On mine, I pray you, and whate'er you see  
 Still go on talking fast, unless I fall,  
 Or bid you stop.

SQUIRE.

I pray your pardon then,  
 And, looking in your eyes, fair lady, say  
 I am unhappy that your knight is dead.  
 Take heart, and listen! let me tell you all.  
 We were five thousand goodly men-at-arms,  
 And scant five hundred had he in that hold;

His rotten sand-stone walls were wet with rain,  
 And fell in lumps wherever a stone hit ;  
 Yet for three days about the barrier there  
 The deadly glaives were gather'd, laid across,  
 And push'd and pull'd ; the fourth our engines  
                   came ;

But still amid the crash of falling walls,  
 And roar of lombards, rattle of hard bolts,  
 The steady bow-strings flash'd, and still stream'd out  
 St. George's banner, and the seven swords,  
 And still they cried, ' St. George Guienne,' until  
 Their walls were flat as Jericho's of old,  
 And our rush came, and cut them from the keep.

The astonishing vividness, again, of the tragedy told in *Geffray Teste Noire* is like that of a vision in a magic mirror or a crystal ball, rather than like a picture suggested by printed words. *Shameful Death* has the same enchanted kind of presentment. We look through a 'magic casement opening on the foam' of the old waves of war. Poems of a pure fantasy, unequalled out of Coleridge and Poe, are *The Wind* and *The Blue Closet*. Each only lives in fantasy. Motives, and facts, and 'story' are unimportant and out of view. The pictures arise distinct, unsummoned, spontaneous, like the faces and places which are flashed on our eyes between sleeping and waking. Fantastic too, but with more of a recognisable human setting, is *Golden Wings*, which to a slight degree reminds one of Théophile Gautier's *Château de Souvenir*.

The apples now grow green and sour  
 Upon the mouldering castle-wall,  
 Before they ripen there they fall :  
 There are no banners on the tower,

The draggled swans most eagerly eat  
 The green weeds trailing in the moat ;  
 - Inside the rotting leaky boat  
 You see a slain man's stiffen'd feet.

These, with *The Sailing of the Sword*, are my own old favourites. There was nothing like them before, nor will be again, for Mr. Morris after several years of silence abandoned his early manner. No doubt it was not a manner to persevere in, but happily, in a mood and a moment never to be re-born or return, Mr. Morris did fill a fresh page in English poetry with these imperishable

fantasies. They were absolutely neglected by 'the reading public,' but they found a few staunch friends. Indeed I think of *Guinevere* as Fitzgerald did of Tennyson's poems before 1842. But this, of course, is a purely personal, probably a purely capricious, estimate. Criticism may aver that the influence of Mr. Rossetti was strong on Mr. Morris before 1858. Perhaps so, but we read Mr. Morris first (as the world read the *Lay* before *Christabel*), and my own preference is for Mr. Morris.

It was after eight or nine years of silence that Mr. Morris produced, in 1866 or 1867, *The Life and Death of Jason*. Young men who had read *The Defence of Guinevere* hurried to purchase it, and, of course, found themselves in contact with something very unlike their old favourite. Mr. Morris had told a classical tale in decasyllabic couplets of the Chaucerian sort, and he regarded the heroic age from a mediæval point of view: at all events, not from an historical and archæological point of view. It was natural in Mr. Morris to 'envisage' the Greek heroic age in this way, but it would not be natural in most other writers. The poem is not much shorter than the *Odyssey*, and long narrative poems had been out of fashion since *The Lord of the Isles* (1814).

All this was a little disconcerting. We read *Jason*, and read it with pleasure, but without much of the more essential pleasure which comes from magic and distinction of style. The peculiar qualities of Keats, and Tennyson, and Virgil are not among the gifts of Mr. Morris. As people say of Scott in his long poems, so it may be said of Mr. Morris—that he does not furnish many quotations, does not glitter in 'jewels five words long.'

In *Jason* he entered on his long career as a narrator; a poet retelling the immortal primeval stories of the human race. In one guise or another the legend of Jason is the most widely distributed of romances: the North American Indians have it, and the Samoans and the Samoyeds, as well as all Indo-European peoples. This tale, told briefly by Pindar, and at greater length by Apollonius Rhodius, and in the *Orphica*, Mr. Morris took up and handled in a simple objective way. His art was always pictorial, but, in *Jason* and later, he described more, and was less apt, as it were, to flash a picture on the reader, in some incommunicable way.

In the covers of the First Edition were advertisements of the *Earthly Paradise*: that vast collection of the world's old tales retold. One might almost conjecture that *Jason* had originally

been intended for a part of the *Earthly Paradise*, and had outgrown its limits. The tone is much the same, though the 'criticism of life' is less formally and explicitly stated.

For Mr. Morris came at last to a 'criticism of life.' It would not have satisfied Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it did not satisfy Mr. Morris! The burden of these long narrative poems is *vanitas vanitatum*: the fleeting, perishable, unsatisfying nature of human existence, the dream 'rounded by a sleep.' The lesson drawn is to make life as full and as beautiful as may be, by love, and adventure, and art. The hideousness of modern industrialism was oppressing Mr. Morris; that hideousness he was doing his best to relieve and redeem, by poetry, and by all the many arts and crafts in which he is a master. His narrative poems are, indeed, part of his industry in this field. He was not born to slay monsters, he says, 'the idle singer of an empty day.' Later he has set about slaying monsters, like Jason, or, unlike Jason, scattering dragon's teeth to raise forces which he cannot lay, and cannot direct. I shall go no further into politics or agitation, and I say this much only to prove that Mr. Morris's 'criticism of life,' and prolonged, wistful dwelling on the thought of death, ceased to satisfy himself. His own later part, as a poet and an ally of Socialism, proves this to be true. It seems to follow that the peculiarly level, lifeless, decorative effect of his narratives, which remind us rather of glorious tapestries than of pictures, is no longer wholly satisfactory to himself. There is plenty of charmed and delightful reading—*Jason* and the *Earthly Paradise* are literature for *The Castle of Indolence*, but we do miss a strenuous rendering of action and passion. These Mr. Morris had rendered in *The Defence of Guinevere*: now he gave us something different, something beautiful, but something deficient in dramatic vigour. Apollonius Rhodius is, no doubt, much of a pedant, a literary writer of epic, in an age of criticism. He dealt with the tale of *Jason*, and conceivably he may have borrowed from older minstrels. But the *Medea* of Apollonius Rhodius, in her love, her tenderness, her regret for home, in all her maiden words and ways, is undeniably a character more living, more human, more passionate, and more sympathetic, than the *Medea* of Mr. Morris. I could almost wish that he had closely followed that classical original, the first true love story in literature. In the same way I prefer Apollonius's spell for soothing the dragon, as much terser and more somniferous than the spell put by Mr. Morris into the lips of *Medea*. Scholars will find it pleasant to compare these passages of the Alexandrine

and of the London poets. As a brick out of the vast palace of *Jason* we may select the song of the Nereid to Hylas—Mr. Morris is always happy with his Nymphs and Nereids.

‘I know a little garden-close  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering.

‘And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before.

‘There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the place two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea;  
The hills whose flowers ne’er fed the bee,  
The shore no ship has ever seen,  
Still beaten by the billows green,  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry.

‘For which I cry both day and night,  
For which I let slip all delight,  
That maketh me both deaf and blind,  
Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
And quick to lose what all men seek.

‘Yet tottering as I am, and weak,  
Still have I left a little breath  
To seek within the jaws of death  
An entrance to that happy place,  
To seek the unforgotten face  
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me  
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.’

*Jason* is, practically, a very long tale from the *Earthly Paradise*, as the *Earthly Paradise* is an immense treasure of shorter tales in the manner of *Jason*. Mr. Morris reverted for an hour to his fourteenth century, a period when London was ‘clean.’ This is a poetic license; many a plague found mediæval London abominably dirty! A Celt himself, no doubt, with the Celt’s proverbial way of being *impossibilium cupitor*, Mr. Morris is in full sympathy with his Breton Squire, who, in the reign of

Edward III., sets forth to seek the Earthly Paradise, and the land where Death never comes. Much more dramatic, I venture to think, than any passage of *Jason*, is that where the dreamy seekers of dreamland, Breton and Northman, encounter the stout King Edward III., whose kingdom is of this world. Action and fantasy are met, and the wanderers explain the nature of their quest. One of them speaks of death in many a form, and of the flight from death.

His words nigh made me weep, but while he spoke  
 I noted how a mocking smile just broke  
 The thin line of the Prince's lips, and he  
 Who carried the afore-named armoury  
 Puffed out his wind-beat cheeks and whistled low :  
 But the King smiled, and said, 'Can it be so ?  
 I know not, and ye twain are such as find  
 The things whereto old kings must needs be blind.  
 For you the world is wide—but not for me,  
 Who once had dreams of one great victory  
 Wherein that world lay vanquished by my throne,  
 And now, the victor in so many an one,  
 Find that in Asia Alexander died  
 And will not live again ; the world is wide  
 For you I say,—for me a narrow space  
 Betwixt the four walls of a fighting place.

'Poor man, why should I stay thee ? live thy fill,  
 Of that fair life, wherein thou seest no ill  
 But fear of that fair rest I hope to win  
 One day, when I have purged me of my sin.

'Farewell, it yet may hap that I a king  
 Shall be remembered but by this one thing,  
 That on the morn before ye crossed the sea  
 Ye gave and took in common talk with me ;  
 But with this ring keep memory of the morn,  
 O Breton, and thou Northman, by this horn  
 Remember me, who am of Odin's blood.'

All this encounter is a passage of high invention. The adventures in Anahuac are such as Bishop Eric may have achieved when he set out to find Vinland the Good, and came back no more, whether he was or was not remembered by the Aztecs as Quetzalcoatl. The tale of the wanderers was Mr. Morris's own ; all the rest are of the dateless heritage of our race, fairy tales coming to us, now 'softly breathed through the flutes of the



Grecians,' now told by Sagamen of Iceland. The whole performance is astonishingly equable; we move on a high tableland, where no tall peaks of Parnassus are to be climbed. Once more literature has a narrator, a maker less of songs than of tales; a narrator, on the whole, much more akin to Spenser than to Chaucer, Homer, or Sir Walter. Humour and action are not so prominent as contemplation of a pageant reflected in a fairy mirror. But Mr. Morris has said himself, about his poem, what I am trying to say:

'Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;  
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,  
Though still the less we knew of its intent:  
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year,  
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,  
Hung round about a little room, where play  
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.'

Mr. Morris had shown, in various ways, the strength of his sympathy with the heroic sagas of Iceland. He had rendered one into verse, in *The Earthly Paradise*, above all, *Grettir the Strong* and *The Volsunga* he had done into English prose. His next great poem was *The Story of Sigurd*, a poetic rendering of the theme which is, to the North, what the Tale of Troy is to Greece, and to all the world. Mr. Morris took the form of the story which is most archaic, and bears most birth-marks of its savage origin—the version of the *Volsunga*, not the German shape of the *Nibelungenlied*. He showed extraordinary skill especially in making human and intelligible the story of Regin, Otter, Fafnir, and the Dwarf Andvari's Hoard.

'It was Reidmar the Ancient begat me; and now was he waxen old,  
And a covetous man and a king; and he bade, and I built him a hall,  
And a golden glorious house; and thereto his sons did he call,  
And he bade them be evil and wise, that his will through them might  
be wrought.

Then he gave unto Fafnir my brother the soul that feareth nought,  
And the brow of the hardened iron, and the hand that may never fail,  
And the greedy heart of a king, and the ear that hears no wail.

'But next unto Otter my brother he gave the snare and the net,  
And the longing to wend through the wild-wood, and wade the high-  
ways wet:

And the foot that never resteth, while aught be left alive  
That hath cunning to match man's cunning or might with his might to  
strive.

'And to me, the least and the youngest, what gift for the slaying of ease?  
Save the grief that remembers the past, and the fear that the future  
sees;

And the hammer and fashioning-iron, and the living coal of fire;  
And the craft that createth a semblance, and fails of the heart's desire;  
And the toil that each dawning quickens and the task that is never  
done;

And the heart that longeth ever, nor will look to the deed that is won.

'Thus gave my father the gifts that might never be taken again;  
Far worse were we now than the Gods, and but little better than men.  
But yet of our ancient might one thing had we left us still:  
We had craft to change our semblance, and could shift us at our will  
Into bodies of the beast-kind, or fowl, or fishes cold;  
For belike no fixed semblance we had in the days of old,  
Till the Gods were waxen busy, and all things their form must take  
That knew of good and evil, and longed to gather and make.'

But when we turn to the passage of the *éclaircissement* between Sigurd and Brynhild, that most dramatic and most modern moment in the ancient tragedy, the moment where the clouds of savage fancy scatter in the light of a hopeless human love, then, I must confess, I prefer the simple, brief prose of Mr. Morris's translation of the *Volsunga* to his rather periphrastic paraphrase. Every student of poetry may make the comparison for himself, and decide for himself whether the old or the new is better. Again, in the final fight and massacre in the Hall of Atli, I cannot but prefer the Slaying of the Wooers, at the close of the *Odyssey*, or the last fight of Roland at Roncesvaux, or the prose version in the *Volsunga*. All these are the work of men who were war-smiths as well as song-smiths. Here is a passage from the 'murder grim and great':

So he saith in the midst of the foemen with his war-flame reared on  
high,

But all about and around him goes up a bitter cry  
From the iron men of Atli, and the bickering of the steel  
Sends a roar up to the roof-ridge, and the Niblung war-ranks reel  
Behind the steadfast Gunnar: but lo, have ye seen the corn,  
While yet men grind the sickle, by the wind streak overborne  
When the sudden rain sweeps downward, and summer groweth black,  
And the smitten wood-side roareth 'neath the driving thunder-wrack?  
So before the wise-heart Hogni shrank the champions of the East  
As his great voice shook the timbers in the hall of Atli's feast.

There he smote and beheld not the smitten, and by nought were his  
 edges stopped ;  
 He smote and the dead were thrust from him ; a hand with its shield  
 he lopped ;  
 There met him Atli's marshal, and his arm at the shoulder he shred ;  
 Three swords were upreared against him of the best of the kin of the  
 dead ;  
 And he struck off a head to the rightward, and his sword through a  
 throat he thrust,  
 But the third stroke fell on his helm-crest, and he stooped to the ruddy  
 dust,  
 And uprose as the ancient Giant, and both his hands were wet :  
 Red then was the world to his eyen, as his hand to the labour he set ;  
 Swords shook and fell in his pathway, huge bodies leapt and fell,  
 Harsh grided shield and war-helm like the tempest-smitten bell,  
 And the war-cries ran together, and no man his brother knew,  
 And the dead men loaded the living, as he went the war-wood through ;  
 And man 'gainst man was huddled, till no sword rose to smite,  
 And clear stood the glorious Hogni in an island of the fight,  
 And there ran a river of death 'twixt the Niblung and his foes,  
 And therefrom the terror of men and the wrath of the Gods arose.

I admit that this does not affect me as does the figure of  
 Odysseus raining his darts of doom, or the courtesy of Roland when  
 the blinded Oliver smites him by mischance, and, indeed, the  
 Keeping of the Stair by Umslopogaas appeals to me more vigorously  
 as a strenuous picture of war. To be just to Mr. Morris, let us  
 give his rendering of part of the Slaying of the Wooers, from his  
 translation of the *Odyssey* :

And e'en as the word he uttered, he drew his keen sword out  
 Brazen, on each side shearing, and with a fearful shout  
 Rushed on him ; but Odysseus that very while let fly  
 And smote him with the arrow in the breast, the pap hard by,  
 And drove the swift shaft to the liver, and adown to the ground fell the  
 sword  
 From out of his hand, and doubled he hung above the board,  
 And staggered ; and whirling he fell, and the meat was scattered around,  
 And the double cup moreover, and his forehead smote the ground ;  
 And his heart was wrung with torment, and with both feet spurning he  
 smote  
 The high-seat ; and over his eyen did the cloud of darkness float.

And then it was Amphinomus, who drew his whetted sword  
 And fell on, making his onrush 'gainst Odysseus the glorious lord,

If perchance he might get him out-doors: but Telemachus him forewent,  
 And a cast of the brazen war-spear from behind him therewith sent  
 Amidmost of his shoulders, that drave through his breast and out,  
 And clattering he fell, and the earth all the breadth of his forehead smote.

There is no need to say more of Mr. Morris's *Odyssey*. Close to the letter of the Greek he usually keeps, but where are the surge and thunder of the music of Homer? Apparently we must accent the penultimate in 'Amphinomus' if the line is to scan. I select a passage of peaceful beauty from Book V.:

But all about that cavern there grew a blossoming wood,  
 Of alder and of poplar and of cypress savouring good;  
 And fowl therein wing-spreading were wont to roost and be,  
 For owls were there and falcons, and long-tongued crows of the sea,  
 And deeds of the sea they deal with and thereof they have a care.  
 But round the hollow cavern there spread and flourished fair  
 A vine of garden breeding, and in its grapes was glad;  
 And four wells of the white water their heads together had,  
 And flowing on in order four ways they thence did get;  
 And soft were the meadows blooming with parsley and violet.  
 Yea, if thither indeed had come e'en one of the Deathless, e'en he  
 Had wondered and gladdened his heart with all that was there to see.  
 And there in sooth stood wondering the Flitter, the Argus-bane.  
 But when o'er all these matters in his soul he had marvelled amain,  
 Then into the wide cave went he, and Calypso, Godhead's Grace,  
 Failed nowise there to know him as she looked upon his face;  
 For never unknown to each other are the Deathless Gods, though they  
 Apart from one another may be dwelling far away.  
 But Odysseus the mighty-hearted within he met not there,  
 Who on the beach sat weeping, as oft he was wont to wear  
 His soul with grief and groaning, and weeping; yea, and he  
 As the tears he was pouring downward yet gazed o'er the untilled sea.

This is close enough, but

*And flowing on in order four ways they thence did get*

is not precisely musical. Why is Hermes 'The Flitter'? But I have often ventured to remonstrate against these archaistic peculiarities, which to some extent mar our pleasure in Mr. Morris's translations. In his version of the rich Virgilian measure they are especially out of place. The *Æneid* is rendered with a roughness which might better befit a translation of Ennius. Thus the

reader of Mr. Morris's poetical translations has in his hands versions of almost literal closeness, and (what is extremely rare) versions of poetry by a poet. But his acquaintance with Early English and Icelandic has added to the poet a strain of the philologist, and his English in the *Odyssey*, still more in the *Æneid*, is occasionally more *archaic* than the Greek of 900 B.C. So at least it seems to a reader not unversed in attempts to fit the classical poets with an English rendering. But the true test is in the appreciation of the lovers of poetry in general.

To them, as to all who desire the restoration of beauty in modern life, Mr. Morris has been a benefactor almost without example. Indeed, did space permit and were adequate knowledge mine, Mr. Morris's poetry should have been criticised as only a part of the vast industry of his life in many crafts and many arts. His place in English life and literature is unique as it is honourable. He has done what he desired to do—he has made vast additions to simple and stainless pleasures.

A. LANG.

## *The First Foot.*

**T**HEY had been working in the hayfield all day with a blazing sun burning down on them most of the time, but now the last pike was being raised and the last sweep dragged towards it. Some of the workers who were waiting its arrival were mopping their faces and watching its tumultuous course; some were picking up little rolls of hay which had escaped on the way, or wisps which had blown on to the hedges. Kitty Carter was one who had chosen the latter employment, and she had got an armful when, among the branches of a young ash, she thought she espied an even ash leaf. Now, every one knows that if you find an even ash leaf, *i.e.* a leaf which does not end as ash leaves ought to end, with a leaflet at its tip, but has two placed opposite each other, and if you gather this and put it in your left-foot shoe and wear it till bedtime, and then put its crumpled remains under your pillow, you will infallibly dream of the person whom you will marry.

A glimpse of a leaf of this kind having been vouchsafed to Kitty, it was vexatious to be interrupted by the arrival of Farmer Dunthorne's son, even though he was the very man she wished to dream of.

'What are you lating in the dike, Kitty?' he asked.

'Oh, never you mind, Robert,' she answered with coquettish brusqueness.

'But I can't help minding. I mind everything you do. I've had my thowts fixed on you all day long. Hasn't no one never tell't you that you're out and out the bonniest lass iv Durham county?'

'Talking that way's just foolishness, Robert,' she replied, colouring with pleasure.

'Now, you know it isn't, Kitty! Don't you never tak' a look at yourself i' the glass? Who has such bonnie blue eyes, or such shining goldie-brown hair, or such a face altogether? Come



along, you've got what hay there is! Give it to me, it's a big armful for you!' But Kitty did not stir.

'Come, let's be off; they'll be done piking directly.' She had one foot in the dry ditch, and as he spoke he tried to draw her away.

'Oh, do be quiet!' she exclaimed. 'It's my belief you've gone and made me lose my even ash-leaf.'

'And if I have, what would it have tell't you more nor you know already? You know who loves you best of all—now don't you, Kitty?'

'Maybe I do, and more likely I don't,' said Kitty perversely, just because she was so delighted. Never had he said so much before.

'Kitty, dear Kitty, I—— Oh, gracious heavens! what's going on over there?' He was looking at a gate at the far corner of the field, and when Kitty looked there too, she saw that all the workers had deserted the pike and were crowding round this gate in stormy dispute with a tall young man whom she did not know.

'It's some one who wants to cross our field to get to Sunny Brow, and the men wan thim to pay his footing first,' said Dunthorne.

'Then I'll awarrant you it's Mr. Newby's son—him that ran away. I heard tell they'd forgiven him, and expected him home to-day. Just think! He's not been home for eighteen years! Let's go and see what he's like after all that time in London.'

'He'd far better have been here helping his father. Those high mēdowses of his are fairly choked up wi' thistles. They've taken all the natur' out of the grass.' This was said angrily, for not only was there ill-will between Dunthorne's father and Newby's, but he felt that things had just now gone too far between him and Kitty for her to want to run away to see anything.

'Oh, Robert, Robert! Look! look! They're killin' of him!' cried Kitty in wild alarm, for the angry men had penned Newby into a narrow circle formed by their outstretched hay-forks, and each moment this circle was becoming narrower. But Dunthorne was already half across the field. He heard the men's savage cries as he went. 'You mun pay your footing!' cried some. 'No excuses will be taken,' cried others. 'You chose to come into our work-field when we're throng on piking, so out wi' your brass afore worse happens to you!' The women were as clamorous as the men. 'Ding him down,' cried one, 'and just tak'

what ye think fit out of his pockets!' 'What's the use of putting a fine black coat on yer back,' screeched another, 'if ye don't know how to behave yersel' like a gentleman when it's there? Pay yer footing when yer asked, like other folks, or just tak' the consequences!'

'Drop that, this moment!' cried Dunthorne authoritatively, and Kitty, who was close behind, thought no greater hero could exist.

'Nought of t'sort! It's we'r right, and we'll hav't!' Nevertheless some of the forks were lowered a little. Seeing this, three men dashed into the circle and seized Newby—his torn sleeve bore witness to the strength of their grasp. Dunthorne broke into the circle too, and tried to release Newby, who had knocked down one man and was now trying to dispose of another. 'Let him go, I say! Let him go! It's Mr. Newby's son.'

'And what of that? Newby's men would mak' you pay if you set foot in their hayfield, and Newby's son mun pay here!'

'He shall not!' cried Dunthorne angrily, and flung off another assailant, but no sooner was one of Newby's hands thus set free than he settled the question by pulling out a handful of small change and flinging it among the crowd. 'There, you pack of beggars, there's what you want! If you drink yourselves drunk you'll not behave more disgracefully than you have done now! Nine men with forks against one with no weapon at all; but what can one expect in a place like this!'

'It's your native, at any rate,' said Dunthorne.

'I know—I know, excuse me, but they've ruined both my coat and my temper. Thanks for your help. Oh! I say! what eyes! What a beautiful girl! Surely she's not a common villager?'

'I must go back to my work,' said Dunthorne, who knew he was speaking of Kitty; 'this awkward business has set us late.'

He turned away and saw that Kitty was near. She could not have heard what Newby had said, but seemed more interested than Dunthorne liked. As he passed her she said, 'My! but you did come down on those men! It was real grand!'

'I was sore put out in all ways, Kitty, both with what they did to Newby and what they did to me. I was so happy over there with you, but they drove all my happiness away.'

'Dunthorne,' said a voice behind him, 'being a Winston man myself, I ought to know every one in the village, but the eighteen years spent in the great metropolis have affected my memory. Will you introduce me to this young lady?'

'I'm not a lady,' said Kitty with dignity. 'I am Kitty Carter, and I live with my grandmother at Brigg End Cottage.'

'I know it. It's on the carriage road to my father's. No doubt I knew you long ago.'

'As a baby in arms,' interrupted Dunthorne.

'Oh, ah! I was only trying to establish a claim to Miss Carter's acquaintance.'

'Say Kitty, please, Mr. Newby; Miss Carter does not sound right.'

'Well then, Kitty, if I may use that pretty name, unless my memory errs, I seem to recollect that when the last pike was made the haymakers used to join hands and dance round it. Will you dance round this pike with me?'

'That's what comes of London!' said Kitty. 'You've clean forgotten country ways. It's corn that folks dance and sing about when they're carrying the last load home—or maybe you're thinking of the dance at the mell supper?'

'Isn't there a mell supper when the hay's got in?' asked Newby, whereupon Kitty and Dunthorne laughed.

'I imagine by your laughter that this mell supper—mill, of course, it should be—comes off only in honour of corn.'

'That's so!' said Dunthorne, and again sweet Kitty smiled.

'I think I'll go home,' said Newby, with some pique, raising his bruised hat to Kitty as he went.

'What a stuck-up idiot of an animal that fellow is!' exclaimed Dunthorne. 'He thinks himself better nor all of us put together just because he has spent eighteen years in a dingy old printing-house in dirty old London!'

'London's London!' observed Kitty thoughtfully.

'And it's where you'd fain be, I reckon.'

'Just to see it. Winston's where I want to live.'

'You can't do both,' said Dunthorne, and she wondered what he meant.

'How they did rive his coat!'

'It wouldn't have rove if it hadn't been a twopenny-halfpenny thing out of a slop-shop.'

'How you do tak' agin a poor fellow all of a minute!'

'How you do tak' a fancy to a fellow just as quick!'

'Robert!!!'

'Kitty!!!'

'Don't Kitty me!'

'Oh, now that he's to Kitty you, I'm not, I suppose.'

'There you go, making a few words into a great big quarrel! I only meant don't Kitty me when you're so unkind.'

'If I'm unkind I'm only like you!'

'I'm neither unkind nor wanting to be. It's you, Robert! It's you from beginning to end. Since Mr. Newby cam' nigh-hand us it's all you have been. You'd nothing but pleasant words for me by the dike-side—it's well for me that I didn't believe them!'

'They were true, Kitty.'

'Who's to say what's true and what's not? All I know for certain is that I'm going home, so good-bye,' and in a moment she was gone.

'Kitty!' he cried, 'wait till I get my fork and rake and coat, and I'll set you across the fields. I've something to say.'

'No! no! It would only be more of the same sort!' and away she sped, leaving him planted there in sheer amazement.

When a quarrel took place in Winston, and one of the disputants wished for a reconciliation, it was considered expedient to let the other 'sleep some of it off.' Dunthorne, partly of necessity, adopted this course. His father had other hay 'to win,' so there would be more haymaking days with Kitty. To-morrow it was to be the turn of the Well Springs field, and he would have ample opportunity to lure back to her face the smiles on which his well-being depended.

Alas! when to-morrow came, he was sent to work on a different part of the farm, and next day he had to drive some beasts to Durham Market, from which he returned too late to see Kitty out of her house, which meant not seeing her at all, for she had told him not to go there, as her grandmother would not like it. When he had parted from her in anger, little had he thought that three suns would go down on their wrath.

Sunday came at last, and he got ready for church betimes, doing his best to banish the thought that Newby's way thither led past Brigg End Cottage. 'He shall not walk to church with Kitty!' he resolved. 'That is, not if I can hinder him!' So he set off before the time, passed Kitty's home, which stood in a garden full of flowers in an angle between river and road, and waited by a gate on the road by which Newby would come. The church bells began to ring cheerily; he waited and watched. No Kitty was visible, but ere long Newby appeared resplendent in a

light summer suit, and one of the moss roses for which the Sunny Brow garden was renowned in his button-hole.

'Church?' he said interrogatively.

'Yes, church.'

'Then let's go together, unless you're waiting for some one.'

'And that's what I am,' Dunthorne answered shortly.

'All right,' said Newby, and walked on. Dunthorne observed, however, that he loitered at the Brigg End, but one of the church bells stopped, leaving to its companion the task of hurrying up laggards, and Newby doubtless thought what Dunthorne was beginning to think, that Kitty had already gone.

'That sharp-sounding little bell will drive me out of my wits!' thought Dunthorne. "'Come! Come! Come!'" it seems to ding angrily into one's ears. I am coming, bell, as fast as I can! I know now that Kitty's gone—she never waits for you and your horrible noise! Thank goodness she set off afore he went by!'

He made all haste, but they were in the middle of the confession when he entered the church. To get to the Windy Nook pew he had to pass Kitty. She was kneeling like the rest, and never looked up, but he saw what cut him to the heart—instead of the sprig of southernwood which she usually brought, a moss rose from the Newbys' garden was lying by her side on a carefully folded pocket-handkerchief.

'There's neither peace nor comfort for me, no, not even in God's kirk,' thought Dunthorne, and all through the service the flaunting pink of a rose he did not want to see came between him and the pages of his prayer-book.

The church 'scaled' at twelve. Winston folks always had the justice to admit that their 'parson was no spoil-pudding.' Dunthorne hurried out. He would go home without so much as speaking to the girl. He would wait for dear little Kitty and tell her that he could not live without her. He would stay and conceal his own feelings, but try to discover hers. The third course was that which he adopted, and while he waited in the porch Farmer Newby came to him.

'We are going to have a party next Saturday at Sunny Brow,' said he. 'It's partly to show our plisure at our lad's return, and partly to handsel our new kitchen. You know maybe that we've built oursel's a grand new kitchen? Well, me and my missis hope you'll put away any notions that I'm not so friendly to you and yourn as might be, and gie us t'plisure o' your company at our party—party's my missis's grand name for't. I

just calls it our kitchen-warming. Now don't be iv a hurry to say no—there'll be dancing, and I reckon you like that; and bonnie lassies, and I don't suppose you've any great objection to them, so why shouldn't you plisure us by coming?'

'Thank you for your kindness——'

'Now, my good lad, you're surely not going to say no! It would be wrang! It would be trying to keep up ill will. None of us at Sunny Brow has a scrap of ill will to you or yourn, and I'll not tak' no for an answer. Come if you will on Saturday, and you'll be welcome.'

'You *are* kind!' began Dunthorne, but Farmer Newby was gone. In another minute Kitty appeared. She glanced at Dunthorne and coloured up to a shade of pink as bright as that of the rose which he could not forget, and just as he was feeling that it might be pleasure at seeing himself, Newby came from behind, leaving it doubtful if the blush had not been due to his presence. Dunthorne went to her, and heard her joyfully accepting an invitation to the Sunny Brow party. Worse still, the rector came out, and, espying his churchwarden, Dunthorne, exclaimed, 'The very man I want!' and carried him away to discuss some little parish matter.

'If you ax me, Robert, I say go.'

'But, father?'

'He'll be agin it of course, but why keep up ill will?'

'What's it all about, mother? I never knew.'

'About nothing! Your father's been touchy and jealous all along. He niver could be made to see that Newby hadn't got all the good land, and he himself all the bad, and yet when all comes to all, I'll a-warrant you that our farm fetches in fully as much as Newby's.'

'Then father has no real ground for being crazed?'

'None! There's nothing better about Newby's farm but its name. Sunny Brow is pleasant-sounding, but it must ha' been a fool who christened this place Windy Nook, and expected a farmer to settle down comfortable in't. Go to the party; it's real handsome o' them to ax you!'

'You're one of t'right sort, my lad,' said Farmer Newby, 'you tak' things as they're meant; but you're late. They've been making gam' alive here for better nor an hour!'



The dust was rising in clouds, but Dunthorne soon saw Kitty in a light blue dress and ribbons. She was one of a group of young folks in the opposite corner. Young Newby had just been blindfolded for a game of blind man's buff. 'He can see!' cried some; 'he can see! If he puts his head back he can see all down the side of his nose.'

'Not I!' cried Newby. 'I see nothing at all!'

'For sure?' they asked.

'For sure,' he answered; but Dunthorne was convinced he did.

The game began in due form with the inquiry: 'How many horses has your father in his stable?'

'Three: black, white, and grey,' replied Newby, as prompted. Whereupon the man who had put this question turned him quickly round twice or thrice to make him lose his bearings, while he said: 'Then turn about and wheel about, and catch whom you may!'

Kitty meanwhile was watching this so intently that she saw nothing else.

'Why, Kitty!' said Dunthorne, 'one would think you had never played blind man's buff before!'

'You here, Robert! I never saw you come in!'

Robert, who believed that even if fifty handkerchiefs bound his eyes he would have felt her presence, thought sight quite unnecessary, and was hurt. 'Yes, I'm here,' he began sadly, 'I——'

That speech was never ended, for with great outspread arms Newby was bearing swiftly down on the part of the room where he knew Kitty to be, and darting frantically hither and thither to make her afraid to leave the spot.

'Kitty,' whispered Dunthorne, drawing her quickly away with him, 'I have thought of nothing but you since——'

A shriek from Kitty, and a wild plunge under Newby's arms, and a hair's-breadth escape of Dunthorne and Kitty, was the only end of this speech.

'Why have you never given me a chance?' he began, as soon as words were possible, to the girl who had clutched his arm on the way, but a moment later he found that she was not Kitty—Kitty had been tumultuously swept to another side of the room, and Newby, with the precision born of a fair amount of sight, was following her. She tried to escape, she made herself small, she ducked, she darted hither and thither, but every resource was

unavailing, and she was dragged by her captor into the middle of the room.

'Whe is't!' cried many voices. 'Ye'll have to say that,' for they felt that a man who had lived eighteen years in London required instruction in village games. Newby pretended not to know, and Dunthorne had to stand by and see him pass his hateful hands over the girl's face and hair, as if touch were the only sense on which he had to depend for identification. Dunthorne could have killed him.

'Why, it's Kitty! It's pretty little Kitty! I'll take my oath of it!' he cried at last, pulling off the handkerchief as he spoke. 'It is! It is! I knew I couldn't be deceived. Now, Miss Kitty, it's your turn to be blindfolded, and I'll be the one to do it.' Then, in a leisurely fashion, he began to tie the bandage over her eyes.

It was part of the game, but it was not a part that Dunthorne relished, and it enraged him to see Newby throwing himself in Kitty's way at every turn when the game was once more in progress. She seemed to be aware of this, for whenever her hand touched a man's coat, she tried to grasp a girl's dress to disappoint him.

'Fire, Kitty! Fire!' cried Dunthorne once when she was too near that danger. She knew the voice, and, darting to the point from which it had come, caught a man who thrust himself in her way, and he was Newby.

'You've been caught twice running,' said a man near. 'Some-one else mun be blinded.'

'No! No! It's the fiddler's turn; we'll have a polka now,' cried Newby, and Newby was in power.

'Dance it with me, Kitty,' pleaded Dunthorne.

'That I would in a minute, but I'm engaged to Mr. Newby.' Dunthorne looked dismayed.

'There 'll be other dances, I——'

'Then the next.'

'It depends on what it is. I've promised Mr. Newby two polkas and one country dance.'

'And that's about all the dancing there'll be. Games go down best here,' said Newby, and then went to make some arrangement.

'Good night, Kitty; I'm going home!'

'Oh, Robert, I didn't know you were coming,' pleaded Kitty regretfully. 'You never do come here.'

'Come, Kitty,' interrupted Newby, 'let's waste no time.'

'Get a partner, my lad,' said old Mr. Newby. 'With that music I could dance myself.'

'In a minute,' answered Dunthorne, but did not. Once or twice he fancied that Kitty was trying to stop to rest by the door where he was standing, but if so, her attempts were frustrated.

He went into the garden, which the moss-roses he hated made so sweet. The moon was behind a dark cloud, so was everything else that he cared for, but the shufflings and scrapings and stumblings of the dancers, and their loud exclamations, made their way out to him. To escape the sight too, he went and leant against the wall by the door. Presently Kitty and Newby came to the open window. See them, he could not, but he heard him say, 'I must get another game up. Wait for me here.'

'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I am that tired——'

'Tired, Kitty? With you for a partner I could dance for ever.'

'Yes, tired,' she persisted, 'and hot too.'

Some light was falling on a cluster of china roses just outside the window. For the sake of coolness, Kitty put her hand on them, and instantly found it taken into the grasp of another hand, the touch of which she knew well. 'Robert?' she whispered.

'Yes, get your things on, and let me set you home. You don't know how I'm feeling, and how I want to talk to you!'

'Now!!! There won't be another party for years!!!'

'Yes, now. Now, I beg of you. Oh, Kitty come, my heart's set on't.'

'If I must, I must. Go to that seat by the gate, and I'll come after the game—I must stop for that.'

'All right! Bless you for coming!'

'Sh!'

 she whispered; so Newby was returning.

The game was over—now she would come!

The fiddle struck up Tullochgorum, and Robert looked in and saw her dancing. Another game began—he went to the dancing-room. How bright her eyes were! How rosy her cheeks! Games were for children, not for people with the game of life to play. Next time he looked in, Newby, handkerchief in hand, was walking round a great circle of players, who were saying:—

'King William was King David's son,  
And all the royal race is run;  
Choose from the East, and choose from the West,  
Choose the one that you love best.  
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,  
Then rise again upon your feet.'

Dunthorne knew the game. Newby, of course, would drop that handkerchief at Kitty's feet. Kitty would then fly in and out under the outstretched arms of the ring of players, and he in and out after her, until he caught and then kissed her. That was what would happen, and rather than see it, Dunthorne fled—not to the seat this time, but home, pursued as he went by sounds of merriment. Even before he reached Brigg End Cottage, however, he began to think he had acted foolishly, and something told him that Kitty would have come soon. 'I'll sit in the arbour in her grandmother's garden,' he thought. 'Some of the neighbours will set her to the gate and leave her there, and then I'll tell her all that's on my mind.'

He waited for an hour before she and her escort came; he heard her say good night to them, but then he heard her say, 'Good night, Mr. Newby. It *has* been a pleasant party!'

'It was a great deal more than that to me! Good night. I'll come to tea to-morrow if I may?'

'Yes, do. There'll be no work going on, it's Sunday.'

He went, and then Kitty looked for the big pansy plant under which the key of the house was hidden, and still Dunthorne kept to his resolution not to reveal his presence, but when the key was in the lock he strode out exclaiming, 'I was waiting for to speak to you, but I've nothing to say now! Good night, and what's more, good-bye!'

'Robert! What do you mean?'

'I mean that there need be no more talk betwixt us, that's all!'

'You're vexed I didn't dance with you; but I couldn't. He made me promise them dances afore I knew you'd be there.'

Robert silently moved to the gate.

'How unjust! How was I to know you were coming? You've niver before set foot in that house, and as for the dancing, I had to keep my word!'

'You didn't keep your word about walking home with me!'

'They held me fast—they mocked me, and dancing is such a plisure, and one *has* so little on't!'

'It's not the dancing only—it's all you said and did, and are doing still!'

'Oh, go on! Say all the bad you can of me, and niver once think of the times out of mind to-night that I tried to get away from him and to you!'

'And now he's coming here to-morn, and not a word said agin it by you! When I wanted to come, I was told to keep away! If I'd asked again to-night, it would have been no again. Mortal man can't stand what I have stood; but never again! No, never again! You may have him here to-morn and every other day. It's nothing to me, for I'll never cross your doorstep as long as I live—no, not if you were to go down on your bended knees to ask me to come in!'

'I'm not likely to do that!' said Kitty proudly.

'Likely or unlikely, that's my last word.'

'My bairn! my bairn! what's ailing you? You're fading away before my very eyes!' said Mrs. Carter, four months later.

'Nothing's ailing me, granny—nothing at all.'

'Niver tell me that! I've been young mysel' and know. It's a love trouble. Did that Newby mak' you think he would ax you to wed him and then sneak off with no word said? That's the clash i' the village.'

'He did ax me and I said No. I wish I'd niver seen him!'

'It's Robert Dunthorne, then; he's worth fifty Newbys,' was granny's thought, but she said, 'It might do you good if you did a bit of work up at Dunthorne's now and then, same as before.'

'I couldn't! Me and Robert's differed,' said Kitty, and burst into tears.

'Mr. Dunthorne's my landlord. It's a queer thing that neither him nor Robert's ever been inside my doors.'

'Many's the time that Robert's wanted to come; but that's months ago.'

'And what for didn't he?'

'Because you were always saying you'd have no young men here.'

'If you've young men you've love, and if you've love you've heart aches. That's why I said it. Eighteen was soon to begin.'

'Granny, did your heart ever ache?'

'Aye, my bairn; so sore that I mind the soreness still.'

Kitty kissed her, and henceforth there was another bond between them, but the old woman was silent.

'You're quiet, granny!' said Kitty.

'I'm a-studying.' In the evening she was 'studying' too, and after this, she who had always held that 'girls were best at home,' began to find daily errands for Kitty 'down town,' *i.e.* in the village. When she returned Mrs. Carter 'perused her face,' but listless sadness was there when she went out and listless sadness when she came in.

'What would you do if you met Robert?' Mrs. Carter asked at last.

'Look another way, granny; but not because I didn't want to see him.'

'You'd far better look at him, and hold out your hand too.'

'If I did he wouldn't speak to me; but I'd die first!'

'Granny,' said Kitty after a long silence, 'it seems a queer thing to ask a granny, but did you ever hear of a girl doing things to bring back the lad she liked—using charms, I mean?'

'Bairn, you mind of the time when I was a lass like you and your grandfather was a rackety lad who plagued me oft, and we had a quarrel which most got my life. I went to the wise woman and she tell't me—oh, but it is such foolishness!'

'Don't stop. Tell me what she said.'

'She said that I was to tak' an onion and set it thick with pins, and for every pin I set in't his heart would feel a prick of pain, and he'd go on from bad to worse till he was forced to come to me.'

'And you did it?'

'Aye, I did it, and buried the onion—she tell't me to do that too, and said that let him strive agin it as he might, he'd be forced to come afore it pined away.'

'And did he—did he?' cried Kitty, with dilated eyes.

'Well, honey, what think you? My name was Mary Mason then, and it very soon turned to Carter, like his.'

Shortly after this Mrs. Carter observed a scarcity of pins, but no Robert came.

Christmas was drearily dull, and when New Year's Eve came Kitty foretold that next day and every other day would be just as dowlly.

'Happen you'll be wrong, my bairn. Anyhow, what our days are to be lies very much in our own power. Let's tak' care to get the luck on our side.'



'But how?'

'Our first foot's the main thing.'

'That's the milk-boy, if he doesn't forget us.'

'Forget us? You *are* determined to see things black! He's not failed us for two year, but I'll speak to him and mak' sure.'

At four the boy came as usual, and Mrs. Carter said, 'You're our first foot, my lad. Come at seven to-morn, your Newry gift shall be ready for you.' The boy grinned and promised.

'If he sends his sister after all?'

'Ask who's there and keep the door shut till you know. He's fair-haired, that's right.'

'All the fair-haired lads in the country side couldn't bring us luck,' said Kitty dolefully.

'A lass would bring more ill-luck still.'

'What else is there to do?'

'When you wake up in the morning, give a good happy laugh, for whatever you do on Newry's Morn you'll do all the rest of the year.'

Kitty sighed.

'But you'll try?' pleaded the old woman.

'Aye, I'll try. I'll manage it somehow.'

'Then, when you're up, you mun put this new money into yer pocket. It's a prisent from me, my honey, and there's a half a crown, a two shilling bit, a shilling, a sixpence, and a threepenny bit. It's all new, and I've been hoarding it up for months. If you keep it in your pocket all to-morn, you'll have bits o' money o' the same sort there all the year.'

'Granny!' sobbed Kitty, 'you're full o' thowt for me, and I've none for you!'

'You're my dear bairn! Now, that's two things I've got you tell't. Mind them! Whatever you do, let no lass cross our doorstep, and gie nought out till something's taen in.'

Kitty remembered the laugh. Mrs. Carter heard it early in the morning. 'That's a good lass!' she cried. 'Now put your money in your pocket.'

That done, Kitty went down, lit the fire, and put on the kettle, and by that time Mrs. Carter was dressed.

'There's the milk!' cried Kitty. 'I heard the gate clash.'

'I'll tak' it in myself. I am so afeared of your making some

silly mistake!' so said granny, and hurried off, and from sheer nervousness was just going to open the door without asking a question, when Kitty sprang forward, drew her back, and cried through the keyhole, 'Who's there?'

'It's me.'

'Who's me?'

'Bessie Clarke's young Bessie. Our Jack's been first-foot at so many places, and they've gien him so many sups of whisky amang them, that he's just staggered home and tumbled down on the floor. Father's thrashed him, and mother's putten him to bed, so I comed here i'stead.'

Granny, who felt that Heaven itself was against her, uttered a terrible cry and fell noisily on the floor. Kitty screamed at the sight, and the child set the milk down and ran off to tell the first person she met that murder was going on at Brigg End Cottage, and nothing but screams were to be heard coming out of it.

Kitty meantime took her grandmother to the fire and put her on the long settle. 'To think of a lass coming this time of all others!' she lamented.

'We'll keep the door barred till a man comes by,' said Kitty, to comfort her, but there was no doing that.

Ten minutes later quick steps were heard, and there was a knock at the door.

'Who's there?' cried Kitty.

'It is I—Robert Dunthorne. Little Bessie Clarke has just tell't me that something was amiss here and man's help was wanted.'

When she heard his voice Kitty bowed her head and clasped it tightly in her hands, but she said, 'Will you come in, Robert?'

'Yes, if you will open the door.'

'Thank you. Stay outside for a moment when I first open it. Just stand where you are.' She opened it, and instantly knelt down on the threshold and said, 'I'll not be outdone by you, Robert. You tell't me that you would never enter this house—no, not even if I asked you on my bended knees, and I mocked at such a thought. Now you are willing to come in without any such asking, and I am asking you on my knees to do 't.'

'Kitty!' he exclaimed, taking her by the hand and raising her to her feet. 'My dearest Kitty!'

'Granny, here's your first foot! Here's Robert!' cried Kitty joyously, her hand still buried in her Robert's,

'I see him! I see him quite plain, but my poor old eyes mun be failing me, for I see no foot at all, and just three hands betwixt the pair o' you!'

Kitty smiled and blushed. Dunthorne said, 'And that's all you will see, I'm afeared, if I'm allowed to have my own way!'

MARGARET HUNT.

## *The Wood Wren.*

I MADE the discovery last year that no one whose pleasure it is to be within sight and sound of wild birds need repine at being detained at Wells, in Somerset, during the month of April—the time of year when Nature's call is most insistent, when leaf and flower unfold, and all delicate fugitive voices are first heard in the land. The birds appear to love Wells above most towns; it is possible to stand in the heart of the village-like city—on the cathedral green or in the market-place—and hear the notes and cries of twenty species in as many minutes. It is the only town I am acquainted with where the green woodpecker inhabits, and mingles his loud laugh with the varied sounds of human life.

East of the cathedral, close to the moat surrounding the bishop's palace, there is a beautifully wooded spot, a steep slope, where the birds had their head-quarters. There was much to attract them there; sheltered by the hill behind, it was a warm corner, a wooded angle, protected by high old stone walls, dear to the redstart, masses of ivy and thickets of evergreens; while outside the walls were green meadows and running water. When going out for a walk I always passed through this wood, lingering a little in it; and when I wanted to smoke a pipe, or have a lazy hour to myself among the trees, or sitting in the sun, I almost invariably made for this favourite spot. At all hours of the day I was a visitor, and there I heard the first spring migrants on their arrival—chiff-chaff, willow wren, cuckoo, redstart, blackcap, white-throat. Then, when April was drawing to an end, I said, There are no more to come. For the wryneck, lesser whitethroat, and garden warbler had failed to appear, and the few nightingales that visit the neighbourhood had settled down in more secluded spots, where the million leaves in coppice and brake are not set atremble by the melodious thunder of the cathedral chimes.

There was another still to come, the one I love best of all. On the last day of April I heard the song of the wood wren, and at once all the other notes ceased to interest me. Even the last comer, the mellow blackcap, might have been singing at that spot since February, like the wren and hedge-sparrow, so familiar and workaday a strain did it seem to have compared with this late warbler. I was more than glad to welcome him to that particular spot, where if he chose to stay I should have him so near me.

It is well known that the wood wren can only be properly seen immediately after his arrival in this country, at the end of April or early in May, when the young foliage does not so completely hide his slight unresting form, as is the case afterwards. For he, too, is green in colour; like Wordsworth's green linnet,

A brother of the leaves he seems.

There is another reason why he can be seen so much better during the first days of his sojourn with us; he does not then keep to the higher parts of the tall trees he frequents, as his habit is later, when the air is warm and the minute winged insects on which he feeds are abundant on the upper sun-touched foliage of the high oaks and beeches. On account of that ambitious habit of the wood wren there is no bird with us so difficult to observe; you may spend hours at a spot, where his voice sounds from the trees at intervals of half a minute to a minute, without once getting a glimpse of his form. At the end of April the trees are still very thinly clad; the upper foliage is but an airy garment, a slight golden-green mist, through which the sun shines, lighting up the dim interior, and making the bed of old fallen beech-leaves look like a floor of red gold. The small winged insects, sun-loving and sensitive to cold, then hold their revels near the surface; and the bird, too, prefers the neighbourhood of the earth. It was so in the case of the wood wren I observed at Wells, watching him on several consecutive days, sometimes for an hour or two at a stretch, and generally more than once a day. The spot where he was always to be found was quite free from underwood and the trees were straight and tall, most of them with slender smooth boles. Standing there my figure must have looked very conspicuous to all the small birds in the place; but for a time it seemed to me that the wood wren paid not the slightest attention to my presence; that as he wandered hither and thither in sunlight and shade at his own sweet will, my motionless form was no more to him than a moss-grown stump or grey upright stone.

By and by it became apparent that the bird knew me to be no stump or stone, but a strange living creature whose appearance greatly interested him; for invariably soon after I had taken up my position his careless little flights from twig to twig brought him nearer, and then nearer, and finally near me he would remain for most of the time. Sometimes he would wander for a distance of forty or fifty yards away, but before long he would wander back and be with me once more, often perching so near that the most delicate shadings of his plumage were as distinctly seen as if I had had him perched on my hand.

The human form seen in an unaccustomed place always excites a good deal of attention among the birds; it awakes their curiosity, suspicion, and alarm. The wood wren was probably curious and nothing more; his keeping near me looked strange only because he at the same time appeared so wholly absorbed in his own music. Two or three times I tried the experiment of walking to a distance of fifty or sixty yards and taking up a new position; but always after a while he would drift thither, and I would have him near me, singing and moving, as before.

I was glad at this inquisitiveness, if that was the bird's motive (for that I had unconsciously fascinated him I could not believe); for of all the wood wrens I have seen this seemed the most beautiful, most graceful in his motions, and untiring in song. Doubtless this was because I saw him so closely, and for such long intervals. His fresh yellowish-green upper and white under plumage gave him a wonderfully delicate appearance, and the colours harmonised with the tender greens of the opening leaves and the pale greys and silvery whites of the slender boles.

Seeböhm says of this species: 'They arrive in our woods in marvellously perfect plumage. In the early morning sun they look almost as delicate a yellowish-green as the half-grown leaves amongst which they disport themselves. In the hand the delicate shading of the eye-stripe, and the margin of the feathers of the wings and tail, is exquisitely beautiful, but is almost all lost under the rude handling of the bird-skinner.'

The concluding words sound a little strong; but it is a fact that this sylph-like creature is sometimes shattered with shot and its poor remains operated on by the bird-stuffer. Its beauty 'in the hand' cannot compare with that exhibited when it lives and moves and sings. Its appearance during flight differs from those of other warblers on account of the greater length and sharpness of the wings. Most warblers fly and sing hurriedly; the wood



wren's motions, like its song, are slower, more leisurely, and more beautiful. When moved by the singing passion it is seldom still for more than a few moments at a time, but is continually passing from branch to branch, from tree to tree, finding a fresh perch from which to deliver its song on each occasion. At such times it has the appearance of a delicately coloured miniature kestrel or hobby. Most lovely is its appearance when it begins to sing in the air, for then the long sharp wings beat time to the first clear measured notes, the prelude to the song. As a rule, however, the flight is silent, and the song begins when the new perch is reached—first the distinct notes that are like musical strokes, and fall faster and faster until they run and swell into a long passionate trill—the woodland sound which is like no other.

Charming a creature as the wood wren appears when thus viewed closely in the early spring-time, he is not my favourite among small birds because of his beauty of shape and colour and graceful motions, which are seen only for a short time, but on account of his song, which lasts until September; though I may not find it very easy to give a reason for the preference.

It comforts me a little in this inquiry to remember that Wordsworth preferred the stock-dove (of all birds) to the nightingale—that 'creature of ebullient heart.' Now the books tell us that the stock-dove has a *grunting* note. The poet was a little shaky in his ornithology at times; but if we take it that he meant the ring-dove his preference might still seem very strange to some. Perhaps it is not so very strange after all.

If we take any one of the various qualities which we have agreed to consider highest in bird-music, we find that the wood wren compares badly with his fellow-vocalists—that, measured by this standard, he is a very inferior singer. Thus, in variety, he cannot compare with the thrush, garden warbler, &c.; in brilliance and purity of sound with the nightingale, blackcap, &c.; in strength and joyousness with the skylark, &c.; in cheerfulness with the goldfinch, chaffinch, &c.; in sweetness with the woodlark, tree-pipit, reed-warbler, &c., and so on to the end of all the qualities which we regard as important. What, then, is the charm of the wood wren's song? The sound is unlike any other, but that is nothing, since the same can be said of the wry-neck and cuckoo and grasshopper warbler. To many persons the wood wren's note is a bird-sound and nothing more, and it may surprise them to hear it called a song. Indeed, some ornithologists have said that it is not a song, but a call, and it has also been described as 'harsh.'

I here recall a lady who sat next to me on the coach that took me from Minehead to Lynton. The lady resided at Lynton, and finding that I was visiting the place for the first time, she proceeded to describe its attractions with fluent enthusiasm. When we arrived at the town and were moving very slowly into it, my companion turned and examined my face, waiting to hear the expressions of rapturous admiration that would fall from my lips. Said I, 'There is one thing you can boast of in Lynton. So far as I know, it is the only town in the country where, sitting in your own room with the windows open, you can listen to the song of the wood wren.' Her face fell. She had never heard of the wood wren, and when I pointed to the tree from which the sound came and she heard it, she turned away, evidently too disgusted to say anything. She had been wasting her eloquence on an unworthy subject—one who was without appreciation for the sublime and beautiful in nature. The wild romantic Lynn, tumbling with noise and foam over its rough stony bed, the vast wooded hills, the piled-up black rocks (covered in places with beautiful red and blue lettered advertisements) had been passed by in silence—nothing had stirred me but the chirping of a miserable little bird, which, for all that she knew or cared, might be a sparrow! When we got down from the coach a couple of minutes later she walked away without even saying good-bye.

There is no doubt that very many persons know and care as little about bird voices as this lady; but how about the others who do know and care a good deal—what do they think and feel about the song of the wood wren? I know two or three persons who are as fond of the bird as I am; and two or three recent writers on bird life have spoken of its song as if they loved it. The ornithologists have in most cases been satisfied to quote Gilbert White's description in Letter XIX.: 'This last haunts only the tops of trees in high beechen woods, and makes a sibilous grasshopper-like noise now and then, at short intervals, shaking a little with its wings when it sings.'

White was a little more appreciative in the case of the willow wren when he spoke of its 'joyous, easy, laughing note;' yet the willow wren has had to wait a long time to be recognised as one of our best vocalists. Some years ago it was greatly praised by John Burroughs, who came over from America to hear the British songsters, his thoughts running chiefly on the nightingale, blackcap, thrush, and blackbird; and he was astonished to find that this unfamed warbler, about which the ornithologists had

said little and the poets nothing, was one of the most delightful vocalists, and had a 'delicious warble.' He waxed indignant at our neglect of such a singer, and cried out that it had too fine a song to please the British ear; that a louder coarser voice was needed to come up to John Bull's standard of a good song. No one who loves a good laugh can feel hurt at his manner of expressing himself, so characteristic of an American. Nevertheless, the fact remains that only since Burroughs's appreciation of the British song-birds first appeared, several years ago, in *LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE*, the willow wren, which he found languishing in obscurity, has had many to praise it. At all events, the merits of its song are now much more freely acknowledged than they were formerly.

Perhaps the wood wren's turn will come by and by. He is still an obscure bird, little known, or not known, to most people: we are more influenced by what the old writers have said than we know or like to believe; our preferences have mostly been made for us. The species which they praised and made famous have kept their places in popular esteem, while other species equally charming, which they did not know or said nothing about, are still but little regarded. It is hardly to be doubted that the wood wren would have been thought more of if Willughby, the Father of British Ornithology, had known it and expressed a high opinion of its song; or that it would have had millions to admire it if Chaucer or Shakespeare had singled it out for a few words of praise.

It is also probably the fact that those who are not students, or close observers of bird life, seldom know more than a very few of the most common species; and that when they hear a note that pleases them they set it down to one of the half-dozen or three or four songsters whose names they remember. I met with an amusing instance of this common mistake at a spot in the west of England, where I visited a castle on a hill, and was shown over the beautiful but steep grounds by a stout old dame, whose breath and temper were alike short. It was a bright morning in May, and the birds were in full song. As we walked through the shrubbery a blackcap burst into a torrent of wild heart-enlivening melody from amidst the foliage not more than three yards away. 'How well that blackcap sings!' I remarked. 'That blackbird,' she corrected; 'yes, it sings well.' She stuck to it that it was a blackbird, and to prove that I was wrong assured me that there were no blackcaps there. Finding that I refused to acknowledge

myself in error, she got cross and dropped into sullen silence ; but ten or fifteen minutes later she returned of her own accord to the subject. 'I've been thinking, sir,' she said, 'that you must be right. I said there are no blackcaps here because I've been told so, but all the same I've often remarked that the blackbird has two different songs. Now I know, but I'm so sorry that I didn't know a few days sooner.' I asked her why. She replied, 'The other day a young American lady came to the castle and I took her over the grounds. The birds were singing the same as to-day, and the young lady said, "Now, I want you to tell me which is the blackcap's song. Just think," she said, "what a distance I have come, from America! Well, when I was bidding good-bye to my friends at home I said, 'Don't you envy me? I'm going to Old England to hear the blackcap's song.'" Well, when I told her we had no blackcaps she was so disappointed ; and yet, sir, if what you say is right, the bird was singing near us all the time !'

Poor young lady from America ! I should have liked to know whose written words first fired her brain with desire of the blackcap's song—a golden voice, while the finest home voices were merely silvern. I think of my own case ; how in boyhood this same bird first warbled to me in some lines of a poem I read ; and how, long years afterwards, I first heard the real song—beautiful, but how unlike the song I had imagined !—one bright evening in early May, at Netley Abbey. But the poet's name had meanwhile slipped out of memory ; nothing but a vague impression remained (and still persists) that he flourished and had great fame about the beginning of the century, and that now his (or her) fame and works are nearly covered with oblivion.

To return to the subject of this paper—the wood wren—the secret of its charm. We see that, tried by ordinary standards, many other singers are its superiors ; what, then, is the mysterious something in its music that makes it to some of us even better than the best ? Speaking for myself, I should say because it is more harmonious, or in more perfect accord with the nature amid which it is heard ; it is the truer woodland voice.

The chaffinch as a rule sings in open woods and orchards and groves when there is light and life and movement ; but sometimes in the heart of a deep wood the silence is broken by its sudden loud lyric : it is unexpected and sounds unfamiliar in such a scene ; the wonderfully joyous ringing notes are like a sudden flood of sunshine in a shady place. The sound is intensely

distinct and individual, in sharp contrast to the low forest tones : its effect on the ear is similar to that produced on the sight by a vivid contrast in colours, as by a splendid scarlet or shining yellow flower blooming solitary where all else is green. The effect produced by the wood wren is totally different ; the strain does not contrast with, but is complementary to, the 'tremulous cadence low' of inanimate nature in the high woods, of wind-swayed branches and pattering of rain and lispings and murmuring of innumerable leaves—the elemental sounds out of which it has been fashioned. In a sense it may be called a trivial and a monotonous song—the strain that is like a long tremulous cry, repeated again and again without variation ; but it is really beyond criticism—one would have to begin by depreciating the music of the wind. It is a voice of the beechen woods in summer, of the far-up cloud of green translucent leaves, with open spaces full of green shifting sunlight and shadow. Though resonant and far-reaching it does not strike you as loud, but rather as like the diffused sound of the wind in the foliage concentrated and made clear—a voice that has light and shade, rising and passing like the wind, changing as it flows, and quivering like a wind-fluttered leaf. It is on account of this harmony that it is not trivial, and that the ear does not grow tired of hearing it : sooner would it tire of the nightingale—its purest and most brilliant tones and most perfect artistry.

The continuous singing of a skylark at a vast height above the green, billowy, sun- and shadow-swept earth is an etherialised sound that fills the blue space—fills it and falls, and is part of that visible nature above us, as if the blue sky, the floating clouds, the wind and sunshine, had something for the hearing as well as for the sight. And as the lark in its soaring song is of the sky, the wood wren is of the wood.

W. H. HUDSON.

## *Survival.*

**I**T was a solitary path by the side of a little wood ; the ground under the trees yellow with primroses, some hawthorns standing white and fragrant, and on the other hand a sloping corn-field, and at a mile's distance the blue sea. I was coming slowly along, late in the afternoon of early summer ; and I met a woman of more than middle age and of a sad countenance. I knew her not at all ; but in this parish I may without presumption speak to anybody, unless very big indeed : wherefore I said I trusted she was having a pleasant walk, and made mention of the may and the primroses. She stopt, and said just a sentence with great feeling. I perceived she was German : she spoke our language with an effort, and with a very foreign accent. I think she had come away from things which were worrying. In fact, instantaneously I constructed a vivid theory of who and what she was. 'Oh,' she said, 'this quiet walk and this beautiful air make one good.' I do not believe she had ever heard of Wordsworth. Had it been Principal Shairp I met the words would have come to both of us, 'one impulse from a vernal wood.' But I assented cordially to what she had said ; and we went our several ways.

In a little space I discovered that a stranger may make one bad too. For I sat at my writing-table, looking out of a window of my study. Human stupidity is an evil thing, but much worse when it is complicated with human selfishness. The little square of which this crescent forms one side is very tidily kept : specially since the friend in charge of it has been a heroic hunter of extremely big and savage game, such as tigers and the like ; who was also a brave soldier. But just to-day a blockhead, thinking of no one but himself, right in front of this house tore a large letter into little bits and cast it from him. Every separate fragment will have to be painfully gathered up, unless the road is to remain a torture to the tidy. Would I were for a little space Emperor of Russia and that man my subject ! I should make him gather



up every morsel he scattered, I meanwhile standing over him with the knout in my hand. For he had quite taken away the soothing effect of that spring wood, and of the earnest words of my good old fellow-pilgrim. Doubtless some persons are far too easily affected by little incidents: I do not defend myself. Possibly the stranger was right, who described certain sentences of mine, of playful sort, as 'venomous.' They certainly were not designed to please all who might read them. Rather the reverse, which is sad to say.

It is a singular fact that the incident recalled painfully the only lines written by the beloved old Autocrat which I hate, and that with a hatred which is quite unutterable. They make the poem which is called *Home-sick in Heaven*. Nothing would induce me even to suggest to any reader the theory it sets forth. For the reader would not be able to forget it. And it is enough to say that if that frightful and abhorrent theory of our existence were true, then this life is all, and those who have fallen asleep are perished. To say we are to live on in a future life, not in any way remembering this, nor caring for and finding again those whose going made this world a blank, is to teach the most heartless doctrine of annihilation. O. W. H. was not in bonds to any hateful hypothesis misnamed religious. And it is strange to find him promulgating the most revolting teaching of a revolting school. Well I remember, when I was a young curate, being asked to visit a woman grown old, who was absolutely solitary, and who having lost the husband of her youth after a very little time together, was not merely broken-hearted, but (far sadder) had taken to Tam o' Shanter's retreat from her despair. In fact, to get away from unendurable misery she had 'taken to drinking:' she was a hopeless dipsomaniac; she never was sober but when she had not the means of being otherwise. I see her plainly, in this minute, over five-and-forty years. She burst out and told me her story: her husband's death, a generation before, had ruined her life. She made no mystery of the facts. I replied, 'But of course you look forward to meeting him again. And you must try to be such that you may meet him in the happy place where you are sure he is.' I see yet the air of superiority with which she put my suggestion aside. 'Oh,' she said, 'people will have risen entirely above caring for any worldly relationships: they will have forgot all about them. These things are only for this life.' I could not but ask whether she had found that the best people in this world cared least for

children and wife, and for old friends: likewise, what reason she had for thinking that when people are made much better than they are here they will be stripped of that which here was the very best in them. I elicited that some self-sufficient idiot had told her what she had repeated to me; and that having been diligently trained up in the fundamental belief that the uglier and more disagreeable anything is the likelier it is to be the right thing, and that God Almighty likes above all things to do exactly the opposite of what human beings would wish, she had at once accepted it. For the doctrine was so horrible and repulsive that it never could have originated with poor kindly humanity, but must have come from One in whom (as a recent Christian agnostic Dean joyed to teach) it might be quite right to do what if done by His creatures, made in His likeness, would be brutally wrong: as revolting a dogma as any of Jonathan Edwards or Cotton Mather. The poor misguided woman's words were a blow in the face to me, aged twenty-four; but if I believed them for the thousandth part of a second, a much bitterer blow to me, who have seen the three-score and ten.

Veil it as you like, even such was the doctrine suggested to me when a great genius expressed vehement condemnation of *The Blessed Damosel* of my old school-fellow Gabriel Rossetti: that was what we called the Italian boy with the dark sensitive face which I see now, as he nervously stands up to be asked about a Greek irregular verb. The great genius could not bear the famous poem: and why? One reason was given: 'It was of the earth, earthy.' That is to say, it was true to human nature. I am in no way afraid to quote an authoritative statement: 'The earth He hath given to the children of men.' As Wordsworth justly remarked, 'the dear green earth: ' which is in itself good unless where man has made the prospect vile. To hold by that, and by the old familiar ways and faces which have been in all our history associated with it, is what our Creator made us for. And I fancy He knows better than the virulent religionists who used to inform me in my youth that this world, and all things in it, are 'cursed.' I durst not speak, of course, or I should have been consigned to final destruction. But even as a little boy I felt, deeply, that those would-be instructors did indeed exemplify an extremely high degree of cursedness. One needed not to say of them, 'Anathema sint.' They had fully attained that extremity already.

My poor old acquaintance at Edinburgh, in those departed

days, plainly thought that she had lifted herself quite above ordinary humanity, when she thus developed her eschatology. To me it appeared that she had in fact drunk herself far below it. It was with her as with the awful woman who entered a study in Great King Street (not mine, but quite near it), and sat down beside an aged clergyman known to me, and in a resolute voice informed him that her son had just died and had 'gone to Hell.' My friend was startled. He suggested something hopeful, which the terrible mother put aside and rejected. Then he summed up by saying that all this must be a dreadful thought to her. Not at all, she declared. Just at first she had 'felt somewhat put out;' but now she was entirely pleased, because 'it was all for the glory of God.' We thought a space. Strange, indeed, that it should all be for His credit, that His desire should be frustrated, His work spoiled, His creature plunged into intolerable and endless torture. Then I said to the aged divine, 'Now was that fanatical heartlessness, really such; or was she shamming? Was it hypocrisy?' 'Neither,' said my old friend firmly. 'It was just that she did not know the meaning of the words she used.' I believe that here is the explanation of many statements which I have heard made from pulpits, and elsewhere.

Robert Chambers told me he was once talking with a man of real rugged genius, who came to a sorrowful end. He said to the genius, 'The population of this world is about twelve hundred millions of human beings. The little religious body to which you belong contains perhaps three hundred thousand. Of that number not three hundred could give an intelligible account of its creed. Yet you think its creed sets out vital matters. Is it consistent with your belief that God Almighty would permit just three hundred of His creatures to know those things, and keep all the millions ignorant of them?' The genius considered for a minute's space, then replied, 'Yes, I think it quite right that God should do that.' Whereupon the good Robert Chambers said, very resolutely, 'Then I'm tremendously sorry for you.' And he never spoke to the genius save on transient incidents any more.

But in this world opinions will differ, on greater matters as on lesser. A general impression is prevalent that the robes of an Anglican prelate invest their wearer with considerable dignity and grace. And it is striking how, when the sleeves appear in any pulpit, the congregation is for a space hushed into the silence in which a pin may be heard to fall: the people, not unnaturally, concluding that the sermon is sure to be as much better than

ordinary sermons as the preacher's rank transcends that of ordinary preachers. This is not always eventually found to be the case. But not everywhere does the vesture command that reverence. A bishop, very well known to me, was raised to the bench while his two girls were very little children. On one of the very first days on which he went out to minister at some great function it was convenient that he should be arrayed in the robes before leaving his own dwelling. The girls looked over the staircase to see their father vested, and he paused a little that they might survey him. Then the elder, aged five, but a precocious young person, said, with much authority, 'I must say, father, you look supremely ridiculous!' The younger sister, two years younger, could not as yet speak articulately. But with solemn inclinations of her little head she exclaimed, 'Pemely dicklus!' Mr. Carlyle would have been much gratified. Here was a judgment after his own heart. Tulloch used to tell how he was sitting with a most eminent advocate till the moment came when the advocate had to plead before the House of Lords. Then he seized up the great full-buttoned wig and impatiently stuck it anyhow on his head, exclaiming, 'A piece of infernal humbug!' On the other hand, I once sat as a youth beside a Lord Chancellor at his dinner table, and listened as the head of the law expressed an opinion to just the opposite effect as to the fashion in which judges are arrayed. I ventured to recall to his memory the awe-stricken sailors at a trial for murder in the West Indies, where judicial heads must be kept cool: how they said one to another, 'He'll never sentence a man to be hanged without a wig on.' The court was decidedly with the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*.

I have known the robes found fault with for another reason, which has weight, and that by one who held their wearer in nothing less than veneration. I was walking with the chaplain by a railway just opened. He told how down in the cutting below us, while in making, the bishop came and preached to the rude navvies. 'It was an excellent little sermon, and seemed to touch them. But I did feel that with the poor fellows all about in their rough working clothes the bishop looked too neat and tidy in his robes: the appearance as if come out of a handbox was so terribly unlike all the surroundings. It made a tremendous separation between him and them.' I knew the meaning of a passage in a charge delivered many years after, which spoke of the careful array of an English clergyman as making a gulf between him and a certain exceptional congregation of ragged

folk, where no woman had any covering upon her head save her shawl drawn over it. If it had fallen to the great prince of the Church to preach to railway-makers then, it would have been in his shabbiest old great-coat, often drenched with Atlantic spray. And I think he would have prayed extemporaneously. But he would not have uttered a confession which these ears have heard more than twice or thrice: 'Our fawther was an apoastate Ahmorite, and our mother a no less apoastate Huttite.' Now, even in Scotland, it appears impossible that such fearful things should have been; also that some people thought them very fine. When I was a boy I heard a very self-sufficient old lady say, 'Mr. White's prayers contain more information, but Mr. Black's are more devout.' The information, of course, was conveyed to the congregation, not to the Hearer of prayer. But it was curious to remark how entirely the old lady took for granted that the prayers were addressed to the congregation. As in many cases they unquestionably were. Which is very horrible to think of.

I fancy the fearful preacher who had preached his church empty could have been thinking only of the handful of human auditors when he used to stop and yawn in the course of his deplorable supplications. Had he been addressing, I say not the Sovereign, but even the Lord Provost, I am quite sure he would not have yawned. He went through his refrigerating and miserable services in an exquisite Gothic church at Barataria, in Central Africa. But in that case it was too plain that pearls were cast before a swine. I have read a statement he made in print, that the exquisite poem in stone was 'an old mass-house:' that is, it had been for centuries a church of the ancient faith. I trust that even north of the Tweed many educated persons would have held it the more interesting on that account. But, now that I have reached the term of human life, I look back with horror on much of the teaching under which I was a mutinous boy. I hated it, and revolted against it, and disbelieved it then just as much as I do now. Indeed, the only possible explanation how Scottish folk endured the unimproved worship which was made to please the stupidest, most ignorant, and most bigoted beings in each parish was the beloved Liddon's: 'Because they never had known anything better.'

In those early days of one's history a youth had to pretend to believe what he saw was false, and to pretend to be convinced by arguments which he saw were instantly answerable, or his decent seniors would manage to trip him up in his worldly career. You

were a safe and sensible youth if you appeared to accept contemptible claptrap. And if uneducated folk accepted a true belief for absurd and false reasons, it was thought sinful to correct them: you were 'disturbing their simple faith.' The effect was that some day they found out (if they had brains at all) that their creed was founded on wrong reasons, and not unnaturally they broke away from it. A man is in a perilous estate when he accepts the most certain and vital tenets for reasons which only extreme ignorance or extreme stupidity can see any force in. Long ago an Ayrshire parson wrote a book to show the substantial harmony of the four Gospels. Having finished his work (I possess it, but never read a line of it), he proceeded to Edinburgh to arrange for its publication. Well I remember, as a small boy, hearing it quoted as a very shrewd remark that the sagacious Wigsly, on hearing the facts, replied, 'Ah, there is Doctor Dryasdust gone away to Embro to reconcile four men that never cast oot'—that is to say, never differed. A hum of admiration arose, and of assent—the thing was ended: *Roma locuta est*. Of course it is as certain as that two and two make four, not merely that 'the four men did cast oot,' but that no human being can reconcile them—can reconcile them in the sense of bringing them into minute harmony on every detail. I believe firmly that the men are in substantial harmony, and that minor discrepancies tend only to increase their credit; but this was not at all what was meant by him who uttered that long-remembered statement which so compendiously did away the necessity of honest enquiry and of being true to one's self and one's own convictions. Even so, when Sir Robert Peel took away the law which made the poor man's necessary food dear, to the end that the rich man might be able to keep more carriages, I remember being in the vestry before service when my father was to preach, and hearing a good old elder say, with profound assurance, 'Ah, Peel! Peel! Surely men of high degree are a lie!' So were the axioms of political science made an end of. I have no reason to speak against what was called *Protection*. Its abolition has brought my living down to less than half what it used to be; its restoration would make many well-to-do men, who never in this world can hope to be able to spend money freely, or to know anything but the anxious heart. But I am proud to say I never knew the parson who asked that his income should be kept up by so arranging that the labourers' children should have half a breakfast. They are much bigger folk who propose that. Yet a cleric here and there feels for their



privations. It is stated in Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences* that he once beheld a curate, a muscular man six feet in height, burst into tears as he stated that if the corn laws were abolished the squire of the parish would have to put down one of his ten or twelve carriages. At the time, I told Bishop Wordsworth of this remarkable manifestation of altruistic sympathy. But the Bishop said he knew the parish well, and that he did not think the squire possessed more than six or seven carriages. Even in that case I felt no disposition to weep for him. Quite the other way.

My years were nine ('not a day more nor less,' to use the words of Lear), when a venerable clergyman, I know not why, proceeded to explain to me that while it was extremely wrong that Papists should persecute Protestants in France or Spain, it was perfectly right that Protestants should persecute Papists in Ireland. True, in Ireland persecution did not go the full length of burning. It merely infuriated and degraded the persecuted, but did not stamp them out. Which was neither logical nor merciful. The parson explained to me that it was becoming that Roman Catholics should be excluded from Parliament in a country when they formed seven-eighths of the population. 'Don't you see' (I hear the words) 'that Papists have no right to meddle with the government of a Protestant country?' Even at that early stage in one's development I knew exactly what my answer had to be. I gave it. Whereupon the good old preacher turned to certain of his fellows, and, indicating my immature personality, said, 'He's quite sound.' In my heart I was distinctly unsound. After reflection I ventured to say, 'Then ought Protestants to have nothing to do with the government of a Popish country?' 'Oh, no,' was the answer; 'that's quite different. You see, Popery is wrong and Protestantism is right.' The reflections which passed through the child's brain then, on hearing this clear and compendious explanation, were precisely the same which come to me to-day. But it was 'the pride of reason,' 'the rationalistic spirit,' to think as one's Maker had formed one's mind to think. I remember 'Reason, ah how depraved!' You, a little Protestant, must believe what you saw was false, because you are told so to do; and had you asked what right your instructors had to require you to accept whatever they said, here was rationalism in its worst form, and you would be assured you would be hanged in this world and sent to perdition in the next. I know places yet where you are required, under the like penalties, to believe that your sister-in-law is your sister, and your mother-in-law your mother. Ranker

nonsense was never spoken. But you are told, 'The law must found upon a principle.' Apparently it matters not whether the principle be true or false. Of course, if where your intellect shows you that two and two make four, you are to crush that conviction in just the same way that you would put away a temptation to commit murder; and if you are bound to believe that two and two make seven because some old man or woman says so, you discerning that what they say is false (which is the practical resultant of the *Grammar of Assent*); there can be no doubt earthly where you ought to range yourself. But it is not the place at all which certain of my earlier and later instructors intended.

I never knew anyone hold the doctrine of the *Personal Infallibility* (their own, not the Pope's) so strongly as certain very stupid and self-sufficient old ladies, of a certain theological school which I do not indicate. Their opinion was of no consequence earthly. But they had ascertained that it coincided with 'the mind of the Spirit:' that is, that they and God Almighty thought alike. In fact, the Supreme Being always accepted their views: specially when most stupid, bigoted, and uncharitable. You had just to take their word for this. Had you asked how they knew what was the opinion held Above, they would have told you that you would go to perdition. That was what they regarded the final argument. I regarded it rather as the declinature of all argument. Thirty-two years ago three human beings were in an apartment in Pall Mall. One was a devout lady; another was the humble writer of this page; the third was to end, just eleven months ago, as Bishop of Winchester. One of us had given a lecture at Exeter Hall the evening before to a great multitude, which had listened with extreme attention, and not without appearance of amusement. The lady desired to express her disapproval of the lecture: so she asked, in significant fashion, what St. Paul meant by being 'instant in season, out of season,' and signified that it was her infallible judgment that any clergyman, seeing some thousands before him who had assembled to hear a lecture on a subject which had been announced, should at once cast aside his lecture, and seize the opportunity to preach a sermon to them, a sermon pressing her narrow idea of the sum of God's message to man. The future prelate, with an open and artless visage, gave a little bit of Biblical criticism; explained that the exact meaning of the words quoted was, when you had an opportunity, and when you had not so good an opportunity; but gently suggested that it was not conveyed that you were to make a fool of yourself by

preaching the Gospel when opportunity there was none at all. Then he adduced an instance. A few nights before he had heard the judicious Tait make a weighty speech in the Lords. What would have been thought of the Bishop of London had he said, 'I am addressing a crowd of great folk: I must not miss a chance, but must (extremely out of season) give them a sermon'? You do not imagine the good lady was in any degree shaken. The round world might go wrong, but not she. The Exeter Hall lecturer was wrong. Bishop Tait was wrong. The future Bishop of Winchester was wrong. But she was right. She did not argue; in fact, she could not. 'Do as I bid you. Think as I bid you.' That was all. If you asked, 'Why should we?' the answer was, 'Because God says so.' Then if you went on to ask, 'How do you know that?' the answer was, 'You'll go to perdition for asking such a question.' For myself, I should prefer the old gentleman at the Vatican to the old woman in Pall Mall. The judgment of each was of about the same value, if it traversed your own. In self-sufficiency the old woman was easily first. The Pope, though advised by a General Council, might go wrong. But she was infallibly right, specially when stating a belief for which she could give no reason whatsoever. No reason, that is, save the final one, that you would go to perdition if you ventured to contradict or gainsay.

No doubt it was a reaction from that state of things when men, highly placed in ecclesiastical life, tended to treat serious subjects in a way somewhat lacking in gravity. Most people have heard of Boston's *Fourfold State*. But he was a very big Professor of Divinity who informed me that in his youth, in a very ancient and famous University city, the current meaning of the *Fourfold State* was the state of a human being after absorbing four stiff tumblers of toddy. And I have heard the same most amiable and distinguished man sing a ballad beginning, *I wish I was a brewer's horse*, to a psalm tune used in Scottish churches only in circumstances of special solemnity: 'giving out the line' in the fashion associated with them. But the same dear man, though he lived to be old, never lost the spirit of the boy. Once upon a time he and I together dined at a dwelling where we heard all the stupidest bigotries, now happily past, set forth with infallible authority and with a keen eye to see whether we should venture to dissent. For, indeed, we were both suspected of 'liberal' tendencies. When at length we escaped from that insufferable constraint, daylight still reigned, for it was the endless twilight

of June in Scotland. The grave theologian said to me, 'It's a terrible pity that it's not dark. It would be such a relief just to dance on the pavement in front of that awful house, and to shake our fists at the windows where that saintly old man is!' Under the circumstances such proceedings were totally inadmissible.

On that evening the admirable individual was backed by another, like unto himself. Things had evidently been arranged beforehand. At a certain period this backer of every form of standing still addressed himself to me—of course in the hearing of all. 'I have heard of some people being perplexed about Jael killing Sisera.' For these dear men had their ears intently open to all ill-set tattle. 'There is not the slightest difficulty about the matter. It was God who told her to murder the man.' Two objections were suggested. First, there is not the smallest authority for that statement. Secondly, it would make the difficulty incomparably greater, if indeed it were true that the Supreme Ruler ordered a specially treacherous and cruel murder. For that which is in the nature of things foully wrong cannot be made right by any authority whatever. Not to mention that to ascribe to the Almighty the suggestion of a brutal crime surely is blasphemy: if such a thing is possible. Happily, both I and my kinsman the great Professor were absolutely independent of the old reactionists, both of whom would have deposed Tulloch and Macleod if they durst. But I see, to-day, the evil eyes which were cast upon us both: for we stood together that day. It would have been a serious thing for a youth on his promotion to have found himself so regarded. One recognised the peculiar look of an aged fanatic who designed to keep a young man from getting a living, if he could.

Which things are pathetic. But at this period I deem it expedient to cease. I recall a most dismal preacher of my boyhood, who after he had gone on till I at least was nearly mad, would say, 'At this point we shall pause, and praise God.' Then he gave out some verses of a metrical psalm, which gone through he began again and went on at great length. How did one live through it? No doubt it had been drilled into us that the more miserable we were the likelier we were in the right way.

A. K. H. B.

## *The Princess Désirée.*

BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

### CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks had gone by. Ludovic had seen Lisette nearly every day, Felix and Ursel thrice, and the Princess about half a dozen times. It was now a Sunday evening and he was spending it with Kurt Von Kleist and some comrades of his, in the Duke of Hohenstein's palace. The tale of Lisette had spread, and De Saintré found himself a target for the rather ponderous witticisms of a select military circle. He did his best to assume the somewhat fatuous air of triumph which became the supposed situation, and lay in wait for scraps of news. He gathered two: that the Grand Duke's physician had declared his patient unlikely to survive the week, and that the Princess had been teaching her parrot to say, 'Désirée, Duchess of Toulouse.' It was well known among all these young gentlemen that De Saintré was waiting her capricious Highness's pleasure to go and fetch the bridegroom; and he found that he had need of all his philosophy in order to endure with any semblance of composure their observations upon her. Nor were the politics of his Highness's Guard at all more congenial. They appeared to Ludovic to be substantially those of the mediæval baron, unrelieved by his picturesque accessories. To sit still and smile assentingly was a hard task for his Republican Liberalism, and it was with a great sense of relief that he came out at last from the smoking and the noisy laughter into the sweet May night. He had a moment's idle disposition to walk up towards the castle, at least as far as the wishing well; but he remembered that all these roads were patrolled at night, and that his motives might be difficult of explanation.

So he went home sedately, and to his immense amazement

found himself awaited there, not only by the Marquis, but by the Prince Regent.

'All is discovered,' he thought, and prepared himself to face the worst.

'Sit down, M. de Saintré,' said the Prince. 'I have been spending a quiet half-hour with my old friend here. When did you last see our niece?'

'On Friday, your Highness.'

'Did she speak then of your journey to Paris?'

'Yes, your Highness.'

'Named a time?'

'No, your Highness.'

'Did you press her to do so?'

'I did not presume.'

The Prince shook his head impatiently.

'To-morrow, sir, you will presume. A private audience will be given you by the Princess at eleven to-morrow, when you will give her this letter from his Royal Highness the Duke of Toulouse. You will impress upon her by every argument possible the necessity of immediate decision. Employ my name; threaten her with my severest displeasure; tell her that her conduct is causing a scandal in the Grand Duchy, and that the very applewomen are crying out against her.'

De Saintré bowed; to speak was beyond him.

'If you fulfil my desires you shall have no reason to complain of my ingratitude. If not—but we need not contemplate the possibility.'

Ludovic had all the difficulty in the world to restrain himself from telling his Highness that the legitimate heir to an old French dukedom cared less than nothing for the favours or the threats of a pretender to an insignificant German Grand Duchy.

The Prince Regent rose, and picked up his gloves from the table.

'No,' he said, cutting short a polite speech of the Marquis, 'I don't want servants or carriages to-night. M. de Saintré will put on a cloak and a sword, and will walk over with me to the palace.'

M. de Saintré obediently withdrew, devouring his indignation in silence. It appeared to him wellnigh incredible that there should be persons in the world capable of deliberately subjecting themselves to the orders of the Duke of Hohenstein.

As they left the house he fell a step behind.



'Walk at my side, if you please,' said the Duke sharply, and Ludovic obeyed.

They walked, shoulder to shoulder, in silence, and as they went Ludovic debated within himself whether it would not be an excellent thing to employ his sword upon his companion. He counted the immediate consequences; the accession of the Princess; the removal of all danger from her path; the instant abandonment of the hateful French marriage. In regard to the Prince Regent, he had no qualms; the man was a criminal, a usurper, and a tyrant. In Ludovic's code, such a man had no rights, and to kill him was to deserve well of the public. To himself, the results would no doubt be unpleasant; he might perhaps be put to death forthwith; he would certainly be imprisoned, and would probably be regarded as a madman. He smiled to think how strongly the testimony of his relatives would confirm that opinion. Suddenly it occurred to him that the Princess would assuredly declare the blow to have been struck for her, and thereby forfeit all its advantages. That thought gave him pause, and the unsuspecting Prince Regent passed on to his palace in safety.

The rain was falling heavily, next morning, as Ludovic went to the castle. It pattered on the roof of the carriage, it changed the colour of the roadway from a pale yellow to a deep orange, and laid upon the early summer foliage the deep varnish of the evergreen. To the ears of Ludovic de Saintré it babbled hopeful prophecies; the shining flagstones of the castle courtyard were encouraging, and not even the dark figure of the sentinel, in his dripping helmet and long blue mantle, inspired a sense of gloom.

The Princess Désirée was sitting as usual with her ladies in her long saloon of the many windows; but the great stretch of grey sky beyond, and the continual plash of rain upon the balconies, gave an altogether different character to the apartment.

The Princess bestowed upon her visitor no smile.

'I am informed, M. de Saintré,' she said, 'that I am to give you a private audience.'

'It is the desire of the Prince Regent,' Ludovic answered deferentially.

She sat with the air of a naughty child, and pulled the edges of her lace pocket-handkerchief. At last she said, 'If you are to lecture me for ten minutes at the Duke of Hohenstein's desire, you must stay afterwards, and amuse me for twenty minutes at mine.'

'I am at your Highness's disposal.'

She stood up, and saying rather petulantly, 'Well, then, come,' walked slowly across the room to an open door.

The door led to a very small square room, containing a narrow sofa, a writing-table, and two chairs, all fashioned of gilt wood and upholstered in white velvet. White velvet curtains, heraldically brodered, hung beside the window and over the entrance.

The Princess seated herself on the sofa.

'Please shut the door, and draw the curtain,' she said.

He obeyed in silence, and turning back, found her looking at him with an altogether altered countenance. Her face breathed trust and contentment; she held out her hand to him with the frank greeting of friends and equals.

'This is good,' she said heartily.

As for Ludovic, he could hardly have told whether it was rapture or anguish which was built up for him by the words, the look, and the clasp of hands. He collected himself, and told her in general terms the errand upon which he was sent. The colour deepened slowly in her face.

'I am sure he said hateful things of me,' she said.

'It is his nature to be hateful,' De Saintré answered. 'He would trample down a flowering lily if it stood in his path.'

She drew a long breath. 'Yes,' she said, 'it is a bad thing to stand in the path of the Duke of Hohenstein.'

She pondered for a moment, her face growing slowly brilliant with determination. There had been daring warriors of the race of Felsenheim, and Ludovic, as he gazed, perceived that the Princess Désirée was very much their daughter. Her eyes, when she lifted them again, were almost a call to battle.

'But we will not be so ready to be trampled upon,' she said.

Then Ludovic told her of the physician's verdict on her grandfather.

'The time is drawing near,' she said. 'It will not be long before the hour strikes for that message to the Duke of Toulouse.'

She spoke quite gravely. A red cloud swam before Ludovic's eyes. 'You don't really mean——' he cried out, but the flash of an angry look stopped him.

The Princess started to her feet. 'I will not be questioned, sir,' she cried.

For a moment they stood face to face, hot and flushed in indignant pride.

Her mood was the quicker in burning out. Her eyes melted,

'Oh, M. de Saintré!' she said, in a tone that was full of apology and reproach.

Instantly Ludovic was all remorse. 'Forgive me,' he cried, 'forgive me!' Yet he had no clear understanding of what it was for which he asked forgiveness. The rush of passion had blurred all the windows of outlook, and left him tossing in a mere turmoil of emotion.

Silence came between them, a dangerous silence, confessing more than words. The Princess sank back again upon her sofa and began to speak a little hurriedly, feeling her way back to their former ground.

'I may take it then, in all seriousness,' said she, 'that you are ready on my behalf to betray the powers that sent you hither?'

'I think I have done so already. But, indeed, I never promised them allegiance.'

'What will they say to you?' said the Princess Désirée, opening her eyes with a funny look of consternation.

He laughed.

'No matter,' said she, 'you shall be naturalised in Felsenheim.' He said nothing. 'And now,' she resumed, 'about that mission to the Duke of Toulouse——'

He had himself well in hand this time, and when she paused he bowed obedient attention.

'When that time comes,' the Princess proceeded, 'you will set out in due course, but at the frontier, or even sooner, we will have a substitute in readiness to send on in your place, while you return to help me in my escape.'

'Certainly,' said Ludovic, and was repaid with a smile.

She appeared to reflect for another moment, then she said, with sudden gaiety, 'And now you must come back and amuse us all for twenty minutes.'

He drew apart the heavy curtain, and held open the gold and white door. A stately lady of unapproachable countenance swept by him, and he followed at a distance.

Suddenly the grey parrot rose upon its perch and cried shrilly, 'Désirée, Duchess of Toulouse.'

The Princess broke into a silvery peal of laughter; a little stifled titter rose from the younger of her ladies, and an irrepressible grin got the mastery of Ludovic's reluctant features.

'Now, M. de Saintré,' the Princess said, 'sit down and talk to us. What have you been doing with yourself since we saw you last?'

'Your Highness!' interjected the Baroness von Kirschénau in remonstrant tones.

'Sh! 'sh!' went the Princess, and waved a petulant pocket-handkerchief at her.

The Baroness sat swelling in indignant silence, and Ludovic sifted his memory for a suitable reply. He could scarcely, to this audience, give an account either of his evening with the Ducal Guard, or of his late walk with the Prince Regent. He began to tell of a stroll with Felix in the woods, and of the boy's wonderful instinctive influence over birds and animals.

'What is he like, this young magician?' the Princess asked.

De Saintré described the slim gipsy-like boy.

'You should take him home with you, M. de Saintré, and get him a post in the Jardin des Plantes. Here, I fear, his tastes will only be a danger to him.'

The Princess said this carelessly enough, but there was a significant light in her eye. De Saintré asked himself vainly, as he travelled homeward under the plattering rain, what should have been the interpretation of that significance.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

THE town of Hohenstein was in a spasm of gossip. The old Grand Duke Amadeus, after so many years' slow dying, was actually now at death's door; nay, there were those who declared that he was in truth dead already. Furthermore, the Princess Désirée was understood to have brought her capricious mind to a decision, and to have authorised M. de Saintré to set out upon his journey. Inquiries among the servants of the Marquis de la Ferrière confirmed the report. A travelling carriage had been bespoke for five o'clock. From about two hours before that time, De Saintré sat in his own room, looking extremely pale, and awaiting a summons which he knew would come. Late in the afternoon a royal servant came riding in hot haste from the castle, and a few minutes later De Saintré was being rapidly conveyed to a certain suburban farm, where he picked up a boy who was at work there, and then proceeded at a round pace to the castle.

The castle had been, during this afternoon, a prey to many and various agitations. A little before four o'clock the Princess's favourite parrot began to display strange and alarming symptoms.

It lay comatose on the floor of its cage, responding neither to endearments nor to dainties. The Princess was beside herself, and the philosophic consolations of the Baroness von Kirschenau were entirely thrown away.

Presently, however, the Baroness had need of all her philosophy on her own account; for a messenger rode to the castle, announced himself as a servant of her son-in-law, and summoned her to the bedside of her only daughter, who lay sick to death in her far-off home on the rocky eastern confines of the Grand Duchy. The poor Baroness departed, tearful and full of terrors, and it was remarked with disapproval in the castle that the Princess hardly lifted her eyes from the parrot to bid her farewell.

The Princess, and Lisette, her maid, and the Countess Elsa von Schlangenwald, her lady-in-waiting, sat in mournful circle round the gilded palace of the parrot.

'Oh, my poor, poor Polly!' moaned the Princess. 'Do think, Countess, do think, Lisette, is there no bird-doctor in Felsenheim whom we could call in?'

Lisette, with a perfectly serious air, suggested the Grand Duke's physician in ordinary.

The Princess shook her head. She had no opinion of the Grand Duke's physician.

Then the pretty Countess Elsa had an inspiration. 'That boy,' she cried, 'the boy of whom M. de Saintré told us!'

The Princess, who had been hoping for this suggestion, sprang to her feet and fell on the Countess's neck.

'My best Elsa,' she cried, 'let us send instantly! What is the boy's name?'

'Alas! M. de Saintré did not tell it to us.'

'Then send for M. de Saintré.'

'But M. de Saintré,' Lisette ventured to suggest, 'is just about starting on his journey.'

'Then he must put his journey off. Write, my dear Countess, write: "The Princess Désirée Amadea commands the immediate attendance——"'

'"Commands," your Highness?' submitted the hesitating scribe.

'Well, say "entreats," then, "on a matter of life and death, of M. Ludovic de Saintré, accompanied by the lad of whom he spoke to the Princess yesterday." And now let a man ride with it at once.'

In a surprisingly short time a carriage drove up, from which De Saintré and the boy alighted. They were ushered immediately

into the Princess's large saloon. The parrot had been removed to the boudoir of its afflicted mistress, who took Felix by the hand, and, almost without a word to De Saintré, hurried him away.

The Countess Elsa remained to entertain Ludovic de Saintré, a state of things which would assuredly not have arisen under the sway of the Baroness of Kirschenau. Relieved from the stern eye of her senior, the young Countess of Schlangenwald showed a disposition to lively converse, but her hearer was inattentive and irresponsible.

She remembered a scrap of gossip, and turning upon him an observant eye and a sprightly smile, said, 'M. de Saintré, I believe you are in despair at leaving Felsenheim.'

'Is it not natural?' returned Ludovic.

In his heart a voice was asking, 'What is she doing? What is her plan? How can I escape from this girl?'

The Countess nodded and looked immensely sagacious.

'Be consoled,' said she. 'The Princess's little circle will be transplanted to Paris.'

'And you with it, Countess?'

The Countess laughed and shook a reproving finger. She was about to make some spoken answer when Lisette appeared in the doorway, and said, '*Son Altesse demande Madame la Comtesse.*'

The Countess swept a curtsy and tripped away. De Saintré had remarked that Lisette was very pale. He stood a moment alone in the great room.

Lisette showed herself again in the doorway and beckoned to him.

This door communicated with the Princess's boudoir, from which, again, doors led to her bedroom and her maid's bedroom.

In the boudoir stood the Princess Désirée, dressed in the clothes of Felix, her dark curls hanging loose upon her shoulders. In her hand she held a pair of large scissors. Ludovic was aware as he entered of a strange, faint, sickly smell. Lisette passed across to the door beyond, the door that led to her own room. The Princess, in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, held out to Ludovic the scissors, and then gathered together her hair in her two hands.

'Please cut it,' she said quietly.

Ludovic found himself entirely unprovided with words; he took the scissors silently, and with some difficulty shore through the soft elastic mass.

'Thank you,' said she, and moved towards the table, meaning, apparently, to lay down the severed hair.



'You mustn't leave it,' said Ludovic. 'Give it to me.'

'You are right,' said she, and he received the handful of curls, and hid them joyfully within his coat.

She ruffled up her short locks, put on Felix's wide-brimmed hat, and said composedly, 'I am ready; let us go.'

'What has become of the boy?' said Ludovic.

She threw open the door of Lisette's room, and he beheld the figure of a woman in the ordinary peasant's dress of the district.

'This is Felix,' said Lisette. 'He is my cousin, come to carry away my washing.'

She lifted from the ground a large bundle, and the boy set it on his head.

'Lisette will take her cousin by the back staircase,' said the Princess, 'while you and I go by the front. Come!'

She took him by the hand, and they passed out into the great saloon; then, dropping his hand, she followed him down the wide stone staircase to the great arched doorway. In the patch of bright daylight beyond he saw the carriage, the haven of their hopes.

The sentinel saluted mechanically. De Saintré passed out at a decent pace, not daring to hurry or to look behind for his companion. It seemed a century to him before he reached the carriage, and another before he saw the Princess safely seated opposite to him in its welcome shadow.

As they turned from the courtyard into the roadway, they discerned a figure with a bundle toiling upward along the road in the other direction.

'He will strike into the forest in a minute,' the Princess murmured. 'I am glad that he is safe.'

'What will Lisette say when they find out?'

'Lisette will apply a very small dose of chloroform to herself. Do you know what chloroform is? A wonderful drug with which a Scotch doctor has made experiments, and which takes away all consciousness or feeling of pain. Well, Lisette will apply that when she hears steps coming, and will be found with her chloroformed handkerchief beside her.'

'And the Countess?'

'She will be reviving soon.'

'What?'

'Yes; Lisette put a handkerchief with chloroform over her face.'

'Lisette has few scruples.'

'Yes; she is very devoted,' the Princess answered calmly.

After a moment she added, 'I am really a little sorry for the Baroness von Kirschenau. But there was no other way; we could not have chloroformed her.'

They stopped the carriage a little beyond the wishing well, and De Saintré, who had his instructions, bade the man go on to the town, and order the delayed travelling chaise to meet him at a specific point on the other side of the forest. The driver was paid and departed unsuspecting, and the conspirators dived into the twilight of the wood.

'You had better take my arm,' said Ludovic, and she did so in silence.

The path was very rough, and he felt tenderly at every step for the little feet within Felix Brock's heavy shoes.

'Why did we not remember,' he said suddenly, 'to bring a pair of shoes for you?'

'Hush!' she murmured. 'Don't talk. Who knows whether we are safe yet? But oh, the happiness! I could go barefoot, and dance with joy.'

The flutter of her voice at his ear, the warmth of her arm on his, the sweetness of this May evening, their isolation together in the midst of perils, combined to make a very paradise. 'Let come what may,' he thought, 'this is mine, and this is enough.' And presently, as they walked side by side in silence, a nightingale broke into song.

At the door of the farm stood Ursel, waiting and anxious.

'Heaven be thanked!' said she. 'Come in; there is no one in the house.'

She led them up a dark stair to an attic, carefully shuttered and curtained, from which a straight ladder led through an open trapdoor to a hayloft.

'If any one comes,' said Ursel, 'you will hear the dog bark. In that case, go up the ladder, close the trap, and hide in the hay.'

She lifted the little oil lamp, whose rays scarcely broke the darkness, and scrutinised the Princess carefully. The Princess bore the examination without any embarrassment; her clear grey eyes rested full on Ursel's. She was bareheaded now, and her cropped hair was already curling upward from her ears and neck. The beauty of her face, brought out very strongly by this boyish trim, was quite unspoiled by any touch of special consciousness. She had never indeed, in Ludovic's eyes, looked so fully a princess as she looked in this disguise.

'Ah, heaven!' sighed Ursel. 'How like she is to her father; how like the prince we all prayed for!'

'Desiré Amadeus,' said the Princess with a little smile.

Ursel set down the lamp and turned to Ludovic.

'You had better change your clothes, sir, so that if by any chance a glimpse is caught of you, you may pass for one of us. My blessed husband's best clothes are in the press. Come, and I will give them you.'

He followed, and the Princess was left alone in the dark attic.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Princess, alone in Ursel's attic, stretched herself in a great oak chair, and slipped her feet out of Felix's shoes. As she did so, she heard the old clock below strike its slow seven. Seven was the dinner-hour at the castle. Now they would be finding out. Her thoughts wandered away to the Baroness von Kirschenau, some three hours now upon her journey. Herein, however, her imagination was in error. The Baroness was at that moment descending, red with wrath, from a carriage at the castle gate. An hour and a half earlier her coach had stopped at the first stage, and as she looked, impatient, from the window she heard herself greeted by name, and beheld a cousin of her son-in-law. He bore a tranquil countenance, and had evidently not been sent, as in her apprehension she had at first surmised, to break to her the worst.

'Can you tell me how Marie is?' she cried. 'Is she still alive?'

'I saw her two days ago,' the other replied. 'She was at Altenstadt.'

Now Altenstadt was the home, not of Marie's husband, but of his parents, whereas the message had purported to come from her home.

'Was she going to remain there?' asked the Baroness.

'Yes, until Saturday.'

The Baroness looked dubious.

'I am waiting here to meet my cousin Adalbert,' pursued the cousin-in-law. 'He comes from Altenstadt, and can tell you.'

The Baroness descended from her vehicle and waited, torn by

conflicting emotions. Presently Count Adalbert rode up. He had left his sister-in-law early that morning in perfect health at Altenstadt.

'I have been deceived!' shrieked the Baroness, and turned without another word to resume her seat and her journey.

She drove in hottest haste to the castle. She hurried into the Princess's dining-room. The meal was spread, the servants waiting, the chairs empty. In two minutes she was in the big saloon. The room was empty, so was the little white velvet room, so was the Princess's boudoir.

She flung open the door of the Princess's sleeping-room; an unfamiliar medical odour met her, and a shrill voice cried from a tall cage, 'Désirée, Duchess of Toulouse.'

Reclined in a deep chair lay the figure of a woman. For one sickening moment the Baroness thought that the Princess had poisoned herself. Then she perceived that this was the Countess Elsa, and that although she looked very ill, and seemed dazed and confused, she was certainly not dead, and not apparently dying.

'Where is the Princess?' cried the Baroness fiercely.

'I—don't—know,' faltered the poor pale Countess.

'Désirée, Duchess of Toulouse,' screeched the parrot, which for its part had now entirely surmounted the effect of its narcotic pill.

'Where is Lisette?' demanded the Baroness.

'I don't know,' answered the Countess again.

The Baroness strode across to the maid's room.

The faint, oppressive smell was here too, and Lisette lay neatly spread upon the floor, with a crumpled handkerchief beside her.

The Baroness flew to the bell in the boudoir, and rang peal upon peal. A crowd of servants came rushing up. There was a wild crossing of question and answer, out of which arose confusedly the history of Ludovic's visit and departure, but no light upon the disappearance of the Princess.

The hasty summoning of a doctor and the despatch of a trembling rider with a message to the Prince Regent followed. Very soon the Countess Elsa was able to tell her tale, which was disappointingly bald. She had been called into the Princess's room, where she saw no one; something had been flung over her head, and she knew nothing further.

'The boy must be fetched,' said the Baroness von Kirschenau, and a man was sent forth through the summer twilight to find Felix.

Lisette shortly reviving was examined in her turn. M. de Saintré, she said, had brought the boy, who had administered something to the parrot; then M. de Saintré had taken away the boy, the Princess had gone to her bedroom, and had sent for the Countess. Lisette herself was occupied at the moment with her cousin, who had come as usual to fetch her linen. After seeing her cousin downstairs, she had been on the point of going to ask whether the Princess wanted her when something dark came before her eyes, and she knew no more. The sentries, on being questioned, confirmed this tale. M. de Saintré had gone out with the boy, and the cousin had gone out with the bundle. No, it was not a bundle large enough to contain the Princess. Yes, the cousin was accustomed to come every fortnight or so. It did not occur to the Baroness to inquire whether any one had seen the arrival as well as the departure of the cousin. She contented herself with asking Lisette her address and despatching yet another messenger. Upon that score Lisette was easy. The cousin had her instructions.

The Baroness proceeded to a careful inspection of the Princess's wardrobe. The clothes which she had been wearing were gone; a bonnet and cloak were gone, and so were a good many jewels—the Felsenheim sapphires among them.

The first event that befell the fugitives was the safe arrival of Felix, who was instantly made to resume garments belonging to himself. His female disguise was hidden, together with the contents of his bundle and the ordinary costume of De Saintré, in a secret cupboard behind a panel at the head of Ursel's bed.

Felix was sitting peaceably in the kitchen before a bowl of porridge when a loud barking announced the approach of the Baroness's envoy.

'This is the beginning,' said the Princess Désirée. 'We must retire to the loft.'

They did so, Ludovic mounting first and reaching down a guiding hand. When she was safely housed he unhooked and drew up the ladder and bolted the trapdoor.

At the end of the loft another trap led to a barn. In each gable was an unglazed loophole, and the rising moon threw in a little light. They built a cave for themselves with bundles of hay, and crept in.

A horse was heard to stop before the door and a voice to ask whether Felix Brock lived here.

Ursel no doubt replied that he did, but her voice did not reach them.

'He must come back at once with me to the castle,' said the messenger. 'The Princess is lost.'

They heard the shrill exclams of Ursel, and then both seemed to pass into the house.

'They will not come and search,' said Ludovic.

'No, not this time,' said the Princess.

Presently they heard the departure of the messenger with Felix, and a little later Ursel came up the fixed ladder from the barn to tell them that all was safe, and that she would bring them some supper.

It was very late when Felix returned. The Prince Regent himself had cross-questioned him. He had seemed very angry, and had spoken so furiously to the Baroness as to reduce her to tears. Lisette's cousin had been examined and had betrayed nothing.

'To-morrow,' said Ursel, nodding her head, 'I shall go down into the town and hear what is said.'

'Do so, my good Ursel,' said the Princess, in a sleepy voice. Her dark head had nodded once or twice, and the long lashes kept falling over the grey eyes.

Ursel herself was still alert and wide-awake.

'Come, sir,' she said briskly, 'you must go up to your loft. It is the best sleeping-place I can find for you. The Princess, poor little soul, must make shift with my attic.'

'I would rather sleep to-night in your attic, my good Ursel, than in any palace in Felsenheim,' the Princess answered drowsily. 'Good night, M. de Saintré, and pleasant dreams.'

'My day has been a pleasant dream,' he answered from the foot of the ladder.

When he had gone up Ursel fastened the trapdoor, remarking that if he woke early he could go down through the barn. Then she trimmed the lamp, paused a moment, and said in a low tone:

'He is the Duke of Toulouse, is he not, your Highness?'

The Princess Désirée sat upright in her chair, her eyes wide open now.

'What, Ursel?'

'Nay, nay, I only thought so,' said Ursel, a little discomfited, and she went away.

The Princess Désirée awakened next morning to a little unfamiliar timbered room, a strip of sapphire blue sky, and a delicious odour of coffee. Turning her eyes from the window, she perceived Ursel standing by her with a steaming cup.

'Oh, Ursel, is it very late?'



'It is past eight,' said Ursel smiling. 'It is not safe for you to sleep later.'

So the Princess arose and crept down to the big kitchen, where she found De Saintré awaiting her.

'Felix suggests,' said he, 'that we should hide to-day in the woods. I think myself that they will very likely search the house here.'

'So be it,' said the Princess; 'but I cannot undertake to walk far in Felix's shoes.'

'I will bring you a pair of shoes from the town,' said Ursel.

It was a little before nine when the fugitives set out, under the guidance of Felix. He led them by narrow paths. The leaves above met and parted and met again, like an embroidered pattern on the blue ribbon of the sky. They had agreed not to speak, but now and again the Princess looked back with a radiant smile. Soon they came to a vast tree, with a trunk that higher up separated into three. Felix stopped.

'Here is the place,' said he. 'There is a sort of platform in the middle of that tree, where three or four people could sit and not be seen from below.'

He set his foot upon a low-growing branch and reached a hand to one above.

'But can you climb this tree?' De Saintré said, doubtfully, to the Princess.

'It seems I must,' she answered cheerfully. In a little whisper she added: 'It won't be the first.'

Then she stooped, and divesting herself of Felix's shoes handed them to him, and bade him, in businesslike tones—

'Put those in your pocket.'

With the aid of Felix, who preceded her, and of Ludovic, who followed, she achieved the ascent very creditably and with absolute composure. Ludovic began to perceive that circumstance would never be the master of this girl. She would have known how to behave like a queen if she had been picked dripping out of a muddy pond.

When she reached the green platform in the middle of the tree she glanced round approvingly, and asked of Felix:

'Do many people know of this place?'

'My father, but he is away, and my sister, and Hans Krafft.'

'Can Hans Krafft keep a secret?'

'If he knew it was your Highness's. All the peasants are for you.'

Désirée smiled, and her eyes shone.

'But we won't tell him just yet, Felix,' she said softly. 'And now you must go home, so that your grandmother may go into the town. When she gets back you will come and bring us all her news.'

The boy slid, like a snake, to the ground, and ran light-footed down the narrow path. Softly, high up among the leaves, the two began to talk.

'To think,' said the Princess, 'that the climbing of trees should prove so useful an accomplishment! It was Cecily's young brother, Leo, who taught me. There were two or three trees in Chatterton Park that I could go to the very top of.' She spoke with a little regretful fall in her voice, and added pensively: 'But a white muslin frock isn't a good thing to climb trees in.'

Ludovic smiled, his mind possessed by the picture of a white frock and dark curls among the green oak boughs in Chatterton Park.

The Princess, shifting her position a little so as to face him, said: 'Ursel has a strange fancy about you. She thinks that you are the Duke of Toulouse.'

'I!' exclaimed De Saintré, with a face of the blankest amaze.

'I suppose you are not,' pursued the Princess. Her tone was resolutely careless, but he answered earnestly, 'Indeed I am not.'

She gave him one glance, and nodded her head slightly. Ludovic was left with a feeling of vague discomfort.

'Did you think I was the duke?' he asked after a minute.

'I should never have thought of such a thing,' she answered heartily, and he was content once more.

'I cannot help wondering,' he ventured to say by and by, 'what you mean to do next.'

'I mean to wait for a pair of shoes in which I can walk.'

'I ask no more,' said Ludovic, a little formally.

She put out an appealing hand. 'No, no, please, don't be offended. The truth is that I am waiting. I don't really know yet how things stand. There is a pretty strong party for me even in Hohenstein, but it is much stronger in the country. I shall have to find some way, within the next twenty-four hours, of seeing the Count von Adlersburg. They knew that I was going to try and escape; they will make preparations. In two days, at latest, I shall hear. And then——' her eyes grew wide, and the smile of battle came about her lips.

'And then,' said Ludovic, 'there will be no place for me.'

Her face fell; she turned. 'Won't you?' she said, in a tone of profound disappointment.

It was he who smiled now.

'I thought you meant that you would have no further need of me.'

'There will never be a time when I shall not have need of my real friends,' the Princess declared. 'And besides'—she laughed a little—'just now, of all times, I want men whom I have seen stand fire. When I walked downstairs yesterday behind you, and saw you march on so composedly with your shoulders square, and your pace even, I knew that you would go into battle just like that.'

Ludovic, much gratified, confessed to similar thoughts of her.

'Oh, but then it's my battle,' she answered, colouring a little. 'It would be a poor thing indeed to be a coward in one's own fight.'

There was a little silence.

'Somebody told me, M. de Saintré,' the Princess began, 'that you were a Republican.'

'It is true,' said De Saintré, and the declaration made a greater call upon his courage than anything in their intercourse had yet done.

She was looking at him gravely.

'But if you were born to a throne,' she said, 'and if all the institutions of your country were undemocratic, and the people not educated to self-government, and powerful autocratic neighbours were watching their chance to absorb your territory, should you think it right to give up your throne and to make a Republic?'

He paused and answered honestly, 'No!'

'I think with you,' said the Princess. 'I think it would be deserting one's post. Here, in Felsenheim——'

She went on to speak at length of the laws and constitution of the Grand Duchy, of the extortion and misgovernment existing, and of her own plans for reform.

Ludovic listened, amazed at the clearness of her insight and the largeness of her grasp. 'It is a hard fight that you are setting out upon,' he said at last.

'I know; and it is only by possessing the virtually unlimited power of the Grand Dukes here that I could ever hope to carry it

through. So, you see, *M. mon camarade*, there may be some good even in despotic monarchies, after all.

'Ah, when you are the monarch,' Ludovic permitted himself to say. 'But after you may come another Friedrich Karl.'

She shook her head. 'Oh!' she said eagerly, 'I don't mean that despotic power shall ever descend to any other ruler of Felsenheim.'

'I see,' said Ludovic, 'that our opinions on the subject have points of agreement.'

'And shall you think it your duty,' she presently inquired, 'to stir up efforts to dethrone me?'

'That will depend upon the degree of fervour with which your Highness proclaims me instrumental in establishing you. If the Grand-Ducal acknowledgments are very loud and public, you see, I should look rather foolish in trying to dislodge you.'

'I will found a special order for preservers of the throne, and you shall be its only recipient.'

The day grew towards noon; the birds fell silent, and the leaves were still upon their stalks. Recollections came to Ludovic of the seriousness of this flight, and of the dangers that might be waiting for Désirée to-morrow. The Princess's head drooped sideways, and her eyes closed. Presently they opened with a start. 'I thought I was falling off the tree,' she said.

Her companion took off the Sunday coat of Ursel's lamented husband, and folded it into a cushion. She laid her curly head upon it, and in two minutes was sleeping the peaceful sleep of a little child.

Ludovic sat feeling in himself that strange deepening of tenderness known to every woman who has ever bent over a child asleep. No step came near; no presence broke the silence of the woods. The sedate and philosophic heir of the Dukes of Aurillac sat perched like a bird in a tree, guarding the slumbers of the most wilful of princesses, and enjoying, in spite of all possibly impending dangers, a measureless content.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE Princess Désirée opened her clear grey eyes and smiled at her guardian.

'What time is it?' she asked.

'Nearing two. Would not your Highness like some food?'

'Oh, yes. What have we got?'

'Bread, and goat's-milk cheese, and wine—and even two drinking-cups, out of deference to your Highness's rank—and a large sausage of inviting aspect.'

'Poor M. de Saintré! How hungrily you say it! And I have kept you waiting all this time for your dinner.'

'I was not impatient. I was glad to see you taking rest.'

'I can sleep,' said the Princess, shaking a leaf or two out of her hair, 'at any hour, and also do without sleep if need be.'

'It is a soldierly quality. But indeed I begin to see that the Prince Désiré Amadeus is a soldier with whom any man might be glad to serve.'

'It may come to that yet,' she said, suddenly grave.

He paused a moment in his occupation of unpacking their frugal meal to glance at her resolute face.

'And in your heart,' he ventured to say, 'that thought gladdens you?'

'No, not gladdens me, but it is true that there is a sort of fearful joy. Don't betray me, M. de Saintré. But you know I can't help being the daughter of my great-grandfather and the niece of my great-uncle. Even the Duke of Hohenstein, you know, has done his share. But I have never confessed before, and the secret must be left here with the cheese-rinds.'

De Saintré had a moment's temptation to say that it would be left in his heart, but his good angel spared him the blush of that remembrance, and he uncorked the wine in silence.

Later in the afternoon Felix's signal sounded beneath the tree. They answered, and the lad came up. First of all he drew from under his jacket a pair of shoes, nailed indeed and buckled, but of very different weight and dimensions from his own.

The Princess slipped into them her little stockinged feet, and contemplated the effect with a smile. 'When I am Grand Duchess of Felsenheim,' she said, 'those shoes shall stand under a glass case in my dressing-room. And now, Felix, sit down and tell us your grandmother's news.'

'Two soldiers and a man in black came and searched the house.'

'Did they find anything?'

The boy shook his head with a grin. 'They say in the town that the Grand Duke is certainly dying. And some people believe that the Duke of Hohenstein has shut you up in a convent; and the

Duke of Hohenstein's people are telling everybody that you have gone away with M. de Saintré, to marry the French Prince. And the whole town is in an uproar—your Highness,' he concluded, with a jerk of sudden remembrance.

'M. de Saintré, said the Princess, 'will you come into the town with me as soon as it is dusk? I must try and see my friends there.'

'I am at the Prince's orders,' Ludovic answered lightly, but their eyes had crossed in graver question and answer than their words.

They descended from their nest and paced back sedately, one after the other, between the trees. Among the boughs above there was no shadow, but here and there amid the lower leaves and stems crept golden streaks of light. Ludovic felt that his exquisite day of holiday was over, and that action and peril stood next. His eyes were on the slim figure ahead; his heart was divided between the fear of danger for her and the joy of sharing it with her.

Arrived at the farm, the Princess took Ursel by the arm and vanished with her into the room of the secret cupboard. De Saintré was bidden to mount to the attic, and there ten minutes later the Princess appeared before him absolutely transformed. She wore the dress of a workgirl of the city; her curls had disappeared under a smooth flaxen wig, and this change of setting gave to her complexion a look of high colour which made an impenetrable disguise.

'Well?' she said, smiling at his face of amaze.

'Yes,' he said slowly, 'but——'

'But what?' asked the Princess, contemplating with interest the neat thimble-shaped bonnet which she held in her hand.

'Pardon me if I say it—you are so much too pretty. It is impossible that you should pass without remark.'

'Oh!' said the Princess, evidently startled. 'Do you think so, Ursel?'

'A young man is a better judge,' said Ursel sententiously. 'But yes, if you ask me, I think he is right.'

Désirée reflected for a moment with an air of doubt. Then: 'Bring me a bit of burnt cork Ursel,' she said; 'and you, M. de Saintré, lend me the inner case of your watch for a looking-glass.'

Ludovic obediently held up the open watch, and she frowned at it, drawing down the corners of her mouth. Delicately blacken-



ing her little finger, she set a faint downward touch at each side of her mouth, and the gentlest indication of a wrinkle between the brows. Then she put on the bonnet, and behold! the face within it, though still pretty, had a severity calculated to repel the most audacious.

‘Those are the wrinkles that I shall have when I am an old woman,’ she remarked, as she once more consulted Ludovic’s watch-case and tied her bonnet-strings into an accurate bow. ‘They will come earlier than they ought, because of the Baroness von Kirschenau, and every time I look in the glass I shall be more and more unable to forgive her.’

She broke into a dimpling smile, with the most bewilderingly incongruous effect.

‘My name,’ she pursued, ‘is Susanna Schutzmesser, of Basle, and I am a milliner in search of occupation; you are my brother Franz, and you were a banker’s clerk in Paris. We shall get a less countrified dress for Herr Schutzmesser where we are going. Here are our two passports, which are quite genuine enough for any superficial inspection; and here our characters from a milliner and banker in Paris. Do you think you can keep up the part?’

‘As long as no one offers me work in my own vocation.’

‘Oh! no one can expect Herr Schutzmesser, fresh from Paris, to be *au courant* of the German coinage. By the way, are you a good shot?’

‘Pretty fair.’

She handed him a diminutive pistol, remarking: ‘I *can* shoot, but I expect it would do better in your hands. And now, dear Ursel, *auf Wiedersehen*, and a thousand thanks.’

She took the old woman’s two hands and looked at her with shining eyes.

As for Ursel, her face twitched, her chin trembled, and she forbore to utter a word.

‘You know I will take care of her,’ said De Saintré.

She gave a fierce nod and turned away.

Half an hour later the brother and sister Schutzmesser passed under one of the city gates—now just about to close for the night—into the streets of Hohenstein.

As they passed along, a wandering glance or two explored the recesses of the bonnet, but encountering there a stern, unresponsive gaze, hastily withdrew; and once or twice a passenger had turned to look again at a couple who seemed oddly assorted—the man so rustic in his dress, the woman so trimly urban.

The Princess, her arm in Ludovic's, guided him silently through street after street, until they entered one the aspect of which reminded him of an aristocratic suburb in some old city of his own country. The streets were ill-lighted and absolutely empty. Straight walls, blank below and sparingly pierced with windows, rose sheer from the footpath, and here and there a wide archway penetrated the wall and permitted a glimpse of a paved or planted inner court.

The Princess stepped unhesitatingly into one of these arches of entry. A porter sat invisible in a niche. She murmured a word to him, and passed on into the court. As they went a whisper fluttered at Ludovic's ear: 'The word to use is Amadea.' On the opposite side of the court—which was surrounded by the body and wings of a palatial mansion, old and grey—a cloister ran beneath a carved balcony, and in one corner of the cloister a narrow archway gave admittance to a stone stair. The steps were dark, but a faint glimmer of light came from a bend above.

The Princess had just set foot upon the bottom stair when the boom of a low deep bell floated out into the air above them. She stopped short, and her hand grasped Ludovic's. The slow vibration ebbed away in the quiet air. Still the Princess stood listening, with her foot upon the stair. Again the long deep note came eddying across the courtyard.

'It is the great cathedral bell,' she whispered, 'tolling for the Grand Duke.'

'Then here,' said Ludovic, bending his knee to the stair at her foot, and lifting to his lips the little hand, 'is the Grand Duchess of Felsenheim.'

She left her hand in his, and leaned back for a moment against the wall in silence. The shadow hid her face.

'It is a heavy weight,' she sighed; and then: 'I am glad it happened here, and not—not presently. It is good to stand quiet for a minute, and to feel a friend's hand.' Her voice changed to a note of infinite compassion. 'My poor grandfather,' she said. 'He must have looked forward too, and meant to do so much, and had such hopes—and now——'

Her voice broke, and he felt the sob that ran through her.

He held her hand fast in silence. Then: 'I suppose,' he said, 'we all hope and try, and none of us fulfils his hope. But each hope starts from one step farther forward.'

The guarded generalities were cruelly difficult to him. Not words but caresses are the natural answer to tears. The momentary

pause that followed was worse than the words, and he spoke again, building a barricade rather against his own emotions than against hers.

'It is a great opportunity that comes into your hands,' he said; and as he said it, he saw the image of himself as the pedantic moraliser.

The great knell tolled out again. They seemed to stand roofed in by its vibration.

'You are right,' said the Princess. 'It is a great opportunity; and I stand here wasting it. Come, let us go in.'

(To be continued.)

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

OF all so-called spooks, he who makes things fly about is the most interesting historically. I think he was known to ancient Egypt and Assyria, though the evidence might be more explicit, and in Europe I find him everywhere, since the ninth century of our era. In China, as in Peru and America, he abounds; and whatever else he is, he is a topic of belief among peoples ancient, modern, savage, civilised, Catholic, Covenanting, Anglican, Pagan, Nonconformist, Buddhist, and so forth. Thus the belief at least is practically 'universally human.'

\* \* \*

The existence of the widely diffused belief being granted, even by the most sceptical, we ask, What is the cause of the belief? Now, it is certainly based on real phenomena, whether phenomena of material fact, as when a china dog is seen flying through the air, or phenomena of subjective hallucination, as when one person or several persons believe they see a china dog winging its aerial flight, whether it really does wing it or not. These facts, then, are facts, but to say that the flight of the dog is caused by a spook, or by any other hitherto *unrecognised* agency, physical or spiritual, is entirely another matter.

\* \* \*

In the Proceedings of the S.P.R., Mr. Podmore criticises eleven cases of so-called *Poltergeists*, observed and often reported in the newspapers, between 1883 and 1894. The general impression made by Mr. Podmore's remarks is that nine-tenths of the phenomena are caused by simple—very simple—trickery, and that the other tenth is accounted for by excitement, illusion, mal-observation, false memory, and so forth. If this be true—and it does seem very probable—we learn at least that a special kind of foolish trick is and has been almost universally practised by members of the whole human race, while similar illusions or hal-

lucinations as universally prevail. All peoples notoriously tell the same myths, fairy tales, fables, and improper stories, repeat the same proverbs, are amused by the same riddles or *devinettes*, and practise the same, or closely analogous, religious rites and mysteries. *Poltergeisterei*, then, is a kind of acted myth, exhibited in practice, not in narrative, by occasional members of all races, in all times. They are also subject to the same percentage of the same illusions, and they of course account for the resulting phenomena, real or illusive, on the same hypothesis—the action of ‘spirits.’ Jesuits and Presbyterians in China, Cambodia, Peru; Scots writers before and after the Reformation, Anglican divines, Fellows of the Royal Society, Egyptian Platonists, Old French men of letters, modern peasants, modern philosophers, scholars of the Renaissance—are all in the same tale. This in itself is an interesting fact in human nature, even if, on Mr. Podmore’s showing, there is no more to be learned in the matter. Given a tricky little girl and a gallery of spectators, and the whole of this world-wide *Poltergeisterei* follows inevitably, obedient to the laws of evolution in human affairs.

\* \* \*

I will now analyse Mr. Podmore’s eleven cases. Case 1 I omit for the present: no trick was detected. In case 2 the medium, a little girl, was caught in the act and confessed. In case 3 trickery was not detected. In case 4 a witness, strongly prejudiced in favour of trickery, not an educated man, alleges that he observed tricks. Of course ‘expectant attention’ may produce a false impression in a witness’s mind that he saw a trick, quite as easily as it may produce a false impression that he saw a miracle, or even more easily. Any one who watches a conjurer will find that he thinks he sees ‘how it is done’ when he does *not*. This obvious fact is often neglected. In case 5 the haunted house was that of a caretaker on an ‘evicted’ Irish farm. Of course it were superfluous to discuss that set of practical jokes. Omitting case 6, case 7 seems to myself quite worthless. In case 8 there was detection and confession, also in case 9—a very silly case indeed. Silly, too, is case 10; the witnesses seemed to be very foolish visionaries. Case 11 was extremely shady. Thus we are left, out of eleven examples, with case 1 and case 3; case 4 I reject, because a witness thought he detected artifice; case 6 I put aside, as a visionary girl was in it—in fact out of eleven only two instances appear really curious.

\* \* \*

Of these, case 1 is much the oddest, even after granting fully:—A. That the evidence was taken five weeks after date. B. That there were discrepancies in the evidence. C. That human testimony is very fallible. As to B—the discrepancies—there never yet were witnesses to any set of events, from a murder to a contested stroke at golf, who did not give discrepant evidence. Mr. Podmore took and recorded the evidence in 1883. Experience of human frailty in witness-bearing has since made him much more sceptical. Consequently, his present explanation of case 1 is in direct contradiction to the ideas advanced by himself thirteen years ago.

\* \* \*

Mr. Podmore's tale of what happened in a Mr. White's little house at Worksop, in March, 1883, is an almost exact parallel to the once famous Stockwell Mystery of the last century. Mr. White was a horse-dealer; his character was not, it is averred, exactly that required in Caesar's wife, but it is perfectly plain that *he* was not the Poltergeist. On February 20, or 21, 1883, when Mrs. White was alone with the children, her table frightened her by tilting up as she was washing the tea equipage. On February 20 Mrs. White very kindly sheltered Eliza Rose, the child of an imbecile mother. Mr. White was absent till February 28; he left the house early on March 1, he returned on March 2. The disturbances occurred on March 1, when White was absent, and on March 2 and 3, when he was present. He then dismissed poor Eliza Rose, as the cause of the trouble, which ceased when she left.

\* \* \*

As to the particular miracles which occurred I will not weary the reader. A policeman and a physician were among the witnesses. Mr. Podmore writes that 'had White been the principal agent, he must have had at least two confederates,' for he was absent on one occasion, and his brother was also absent on another. These confederates, three in all, 'must have been extremely skilful.' There was no trace of 'mechanical appliances.' This, apparently, was written in 1883. But now Mr. Podmore thinks that one little girl probably did all that, in 1883, he thought a hard task for three confederates, of whom two, at least, were adults, though the evidence (for what it is worth) shows that the events occurred in the child's absence, and, in one instance, began before her arrival. A doctor, and many other



people, saw 'a basin rise slowly from the bin, no one being near it except Dr. Lloyd, and Higgs, a policeman.' Now, if the doctor, just arrived on the scene, saw *that*, I don't believe the little girl caused the occurrence; especially as I don't even see how three confederates could have worked the trick. In brief, my faith in a cloud of witnesses is not so utterly shattered as is Mr. Podmore's. Nobody seems to have asked about the previous and later history of this child, who had everything to lose by leaving the hospitable Mrs. White, and nothing to gain by destroying her property. The doctor's evidence is only alluded to in passing, though he was the only educated witness. Some of the events, the earliest ones, could not conceivably have been worked by the child, though Tom White might have worked them in his brother's absence. *Enfin*, if the events were done by trickery, it is physically impossible that the child was alone in the trick. And, if we reject the evidence which proves this, we must reject the evidence that anything occurred at all. Thus, as far as case 1 goes, Mr. Podmore leaves the problem as difficult as he found it; he only solves it, for himself, by wholesale disbelief in human testimony. In case 3 the only educated witness, a doctor, settled the matter, I think, in favour of trickery, again by a little girl. So there is only one fair case out of eleven, but that case is not disposed of by Mr. Podmore. Nobody can dispose of it now; it was not sufficiently examined at the time. On the whole, the sceptic has much, very much, the best of the matter all along the line. But, once out of eleven, the sceptic carries scepticism to an extent which practically makes evidence of no value at all in a police-court.

\* \* \*

The most curious point in the affair is this: every incident and feature in six or seven of the eleven cases is an exact reproduction of the evidence in a hundred old cases of 'witchcraft.' The ailing hysterical child, her hallucinations, her outcries about a visionary old woman who is strangling her, the tossing about of objects, the knocks and scratches, these things are invariable symptoms of the maladies described by Glanvil, Cotton Mather, Bovet, and crowds of other old writers. Scores of innocent people were burned, as a sequel of hysterical illnesses, like these examined by Mr. Podmore. Increase Mather even describes an instance in which the girl was caught in the act of furtively throwing objects about. Now, do such cases occur in hospitals

for nervous diseases? Are they the results of rural tradition of witchcraft, or are the symptoms automatically evolved by the children? Of course, there have been plenty of Poltergeists where no little girl seems to have been concerned, but little girls are usually at the bottom of the trouble. One of them, Christina Shaw, of Bargarran, after causing several innocent people to be burned, married a clergyman, and founded the Renfrewshire thread manufactories. Hysteria went with commercial ability. Inquirers ought to follow the future development of these unaccountable young ladies.

\* \* \*

Probably not many readers could tell at a venture what the Bora is. The Bora is the religious initiation of the young men in Australian tribes. We have known little of the matter, except that the rites are painful and disgusting, that, as in Greece, the novice is daubed with clay, which is washed off as a sign of his new life, and that, as in Greece, the Bull Roarer, *Turndun*, or *πόμβος*, is whirled with fearful din.

\* \* \*

Mr. Squire, of West Maitland, Australia, sends me a pamphlet of his on the subject. It is 'popular,' being reprinted from the local *Mercury*. To be 'popular' a writer must not give exact references to authority, whether from books or from witnesses making oral reports. Beyond mere anecdote the public declines to go, and anecdote is not evidence. I hope that Mr. Squire will recast his curious work, with due attention to scientific testimony. He cites writers without naming the books or periodicals in which their statements are to be found. Mr. Fison's books I know. Dr. John Fraser and Mr. H. Matthews have evaded me, though the latter's work is in the Transactions of the Royal Society of New South Wales.

\* \* \*

Points new to me are (1) the recognition and rude representation in art of Baiamai, already known to us as the Creator, in Australia; (2) the Grave, from which a confederate arises as a type of Resurrection to the New Life of the Initiated; (3) the bestowal of a new name on the Initiated; (4) the Cannibal Sacrament. A man, after a course of petting like that bestowed on Aztec victims, is slain, and morsels of his flesh are distributed and eaten! In Mexico the victim, it seems, was a figure of the God.

Felix Liebrecht, Mr. Robertson Smith, and, I think, Mr. Fraser in *The Golden Bough*, have discussed this ghastly ceremony. Prescott's accounts are familiar. Now, Mr. Squire avers 'on most reliable authority' (uncited) that the blacks of Australia are guilty of this rite; he adds, 'To my knowledge, it has never before been published.' Doubtless Mr. Squire will oblige science by giving his authority for this extraordinary coincidence in the manners of Australia and Anahuac. The late Mr. Walter Pater once contemplated a romance on the Aztec victim, so he told me long ago. Probably he never wrote a line of the work. Mr. Haggard has since touched on the topic in *Montezuma's Daughter*. Mr. Squire thinks that this sacrifice constitutes 'the highest degree' of initiation. (5) Moral duties, half the Decalogue, are inculcated at the Bora! (6) 'Secret knowledge'—not of a moral sort—is inculcated. (7) The Initiated leap into and extinguish a fire, for which I may be allowed to refer to my article on 'Passing through the Fire' in the *Contemporary Review* for August 1896. This is probably, in Australia, a purificatory ceremony. Mr. Squire does not suggest that, as in India, Fiji, Tonga, Bulgaria, there is any pretence to magical immunity from fire. The point might be investigated, but I conceive that this rite rather resembles the Roman Palilia.

\* \* \*

The general analogy to Greek mysteries is obvious. The daubing with dirt signifies the uninitiated life. The cleansing means, to quote the song of the Mystic in Demosthenes, 'Worse have I fled, better have I found.' The 'bull roarer' is common to Greece and Australia. The tortures recall those inflicted on the Spartan boys, or among the Red Indians. The Grave, and the rite there, answer to the Resurrection of Persephone. For the cannibal sacrament I know no Greek parallel, though a kind of Totemistic sacrament was detected by Mr. Robertson Smith in Greek ritual. Mr. Squire conjectures that Stonehenge is a megalithic Bora circle—this is very dubious indeed. It is to be desired that Mr. Squire should have an opportunity of publishing his discoveries in native art, religious and secular, especially the old wall paintings in caves. But such things are not 'popular.' I have only tried to state Mr. Squire's conclusions briefly. Like our little rural hysterical demoniacs, they point to the sameness of human nature, even in strange fantastic details of superstitions and rites.

\* \* \*

It is always very difficult, no doubt, to know when a 'sombulist' is a humbug, whether the sleep of a hypnotised patient is not a sham. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1757 is a pretty crucial experiment. There was a person described, not unjustly, as a 'sleepy woman,' a regular human dormouse. A physician conceived that she was merely pretending, so he had her flogged, rubbed her bleeding shoulders with honey, turned her out for the flies to bite, and drove splinters of wood under her nails! She slept peacefully on, yet this very sceptical physician was not convinced. He carried the scepticism of science rather too far.

\* \* \*

I have offered many notes in this place on 'Passing through the Fire' unharmed, including a statement about Indian coolies in the Straits Settlements. To-day a correspondent sends a description of precisely the same ceremony, witnessed by him in 'the small village of Peru, near Port of Spain, in Trinidad. The performers were more than six in number, and were coolies from India. Each carried one or two lemons, which he dropped into the fire, and they were afterwards eagerly snatched up by the bystanders, who, so far as I can remember, attributed a healing influence to them.' The ceremony is repeated yearly. My correspondent makes no guess at how the thing is done. It is all very well to be as sceptical as the doctor of the sleepy woman, but the quantity of evidence as to this 'fire walk' is increasing, and demands examination, if only as a piece of folklore. A very distinguished anthropologist says that this kind of thing puzzles him as much as myself. In dozens of colonies and dependencies British officials and travellers have a chance of observing the rite, and a well laid-out 'baksheesh' might solve the mystery. But, as Rogers says of clairvoyance, after being puzzled by the celebrated Alexis, 'I do not believe in it, *for the thing is impossible.*'

A. LANG.

# INDEX

## TO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

- A BOYAR OF THE TERRIBLE, by  
Fred. Whishaw, 185, 282, 389,  
535
- A. K. H. B., Perplexing Manifesta-  
tions, 172
- Oliver Wendell Holmes, 344
- Survival, 598
- Allen (Grant), The Lobster at  
Home, 270
- A. M. F., Indian Flowers, 467
- André's Ride, by A. H. Beesly, 251
- Atmospheric Pressure, by Hy.  
Harries, 373
- BALLANTYNE (ARCHIBALD), The  
Man of Bath, 66
- Beesly (A. H.), André's Ride, 251
- Haytime, 341
- Black (Clementina), The Princess  
Désirée, 505, 609
- COCHRANE (ALFRED), Death and  
the Hyacinths, 388
- Crosthwaite (Sir C. H. T.), Röntgen's  
Curse, 469
- DEATH AND THE HYACINTHS, by  
Alfred Cochrane, 388
- Dobson (Austin), Mary Lepel, Lady  
Hervey, 452
- ENGLISH RANCHWOMAN, THE, by  
J. R. E. S., 485
- FIRST FOOT, THE, by Mrs. Hunt,  
574
- Flotsam, by Henry Seton Merriman,  
77, 111, 221, 323
- Francis (M. E.), The Wooing of  
William, 253
- The Lady of the Lock, 357
- HARRIES (HY.), Atmospheric Pres-  
sure, 373
- Haytime, by A. H. Beesly, 251
- Hudson (W. H.), Ravens in Somers-  
etshire, 150
- The Wood Wren, 590
- Hunt (Mrs.), The First Foot, 574
- INDIAN FLOWERS, by A. M. F., 467
- J. R. E. S., The English Ranch-  
woman, 485
- LADY OF THE LOCK, THE, by M. E.  
Francis, 357
- Lang (Andrew), At the Sign of the  
Ship, 101, 210, 313, 416, 527,  
632
- Mr. Morris's Poems, 560
- Little Legacy, The, by L. B. Wal-  
ford, 47
- Lobster at Home, The, by Grant  
Allen, 270
- MAN OF BATH, THE, by Archibald  
Ballantyne, 66
- Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, by  
Austin Dobson, 452
- Matchmaking, by C. O. Tiswolve,  
157

Merriman (Henry Seton), Flotsam,  
77, 111, 221, 323  
Mr. Morris's Poems, by Andrew  
Lang, 560  
Müller (Mrs. F. Max), Letters on  
Turkey, 135, 239

NEWBOLT (HENRY), *Væ Victis*, 64

OLD MR. TREDGOLD, by Mrs.  
Oliphant, 1  
Oliver Wendell Holmes, by  
A. K. H. B., 344

PERPLEXING MANIFESTATIONS, by  
A. K. H. B., 172  
Princess Désirée, The, by Clemen-  
tina Black, 505, 600

RAVENS IN SOMERSETSHIRE, by W.  
H. Hudson, 150  
Richardson (Sir Benjamin Ward),  
The Sick Nurse, 30

Röntgen's Curse, by Sir C. H. T.  
Crosthwaite, 460

SICK NURSE, THE, by Sir Benjamin  
Ward Richardson, 30  
Sign of the Ship, At the, by Andrew  
Lang, 101, 210, 313, 416, 527, 632  
Survival, by A. K. H. B., 598

TISWOLDE (C. O.), Matchmaking,  
157  
Turkey, Letters on, by Mrs. F. Max  
Müller, 135, 239

*VÆ VICTIS*, by Henry Newbolt, 64

WALFORD (L. B.), The Little  
Legacy, 47  
Whishaw (Fred.), A Boyar of the  
Terrible, 185, 282, 389, 535  
Wood Wren, The, by W. H. Hud-  
son, 590  
Wooring of William, The, by M. E.  
Francis, 253



THE

# Swan Fountain Pen

REDUCED PRICED

MADE IN 3 SIZES AT

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-<sup>ea.</sup>

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free on Application to -

**MABIE, TODD, & BARD, 93 CHEAPSIDE, E.C., or 96a REGENT ST., LONDON, W.**

NEW BRANCH: 21 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

## BORWICK'S

BEST THAT  
MONEY  
CAN BUY

## BAKING POWDER

AND LARGEST  
SALE  
IN THE  
WORLD. FIVE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

## NOTES ON BOOKS

BRING  
AN ANALYSIS OF THE WORKS  
PUBLISHED DURING EACH QUARTER

BY  
MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.

No. CLXVI. AUGUST 31, 1896.

\* \* Copies of Notes on Books are forwarded free by post by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; or 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.; or 32 Hornby Road, Bombay.

6d 1/-

## DOUGHTY'S

USED BY  
LEADING  
VOCALISTS

THE  
BEST

JENNY LIND  
CHRISTINE NILSSON  
SALVINI &c

## VOICE LOZENGES

From the Swedish Queen of Song,  
The late Mlle. JENNY LIND.  
'Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton,  
'June 22nd, 1894.  
'Sir, - I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my  
experience extends, the testimony already so general in  
favour of the Lozenges prepared by you.  
'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
Mr. Miles Doughty. JENNY LIND.

DR. DUNBAR'S

# ALKARAM

CURES  
COLDS  
AND  
SORE THROATS  
BY INHALATION.

ALKARAM. - Of all Chemists, 2s. a Bottle.  
ALKARAM. - Address, DR. DUNBAR, care of  
P. NEWBERRY & SONS (Established A.D. 1746),  
1 & 3 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London.  
Post free, 2s.

For the DONNA acknowledgements see overleaf.

### *The 'Donna.'*

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sum. Contributions received after September 15 will be entered in the November number.

M.E.D. 5s.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to*

*The Editor of* **LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,**  
**39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. ]**





# Scottish Provident Institution

INSTITUTED  
1837.

INCORPORATED  
1848

MUTUAL · LIFE · ASSURANCE · WITH ·  
MODERATE · PREMIUMS ·



1895

## FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

### NEW ASSURANCES

£1,613,200.

### PREMIUMS

£676,850.

### TOTAL INCOME

£1,052,900.

### CLAIMS

£478,050.

## THE FUNDS

AT 31ST DEC. 1895 WERE

£9,357,500.

INCREASE IN YEAR £407,750

THE PREMIUMS ARE SO MODERATE THAT, AT USUAL AGES FOR ASSURANCE, £1200 OR £1250 MAY BE SECURED FROM THE FIRST FOR THE YEARLY PAYMENT WHICH IN MOST OFFICES WOULD BE CHARGED (WITH PROFITS) FOR £1000 ONLY, —EQUIVALENT TO AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF 20 TO 25 PER CENT.

THE WHOLE SURPLUS GOES TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS ON A SYSTEM AT ONCE SAFE AND EQUITABLE —NO SHARE GOING TO THOSE BY WHOSE EARLY DEATH THERE IS A LOSS TO THE COMMON FUND.

THE SURPLUS AT LAST SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION (1894) AMOUNTED TO £1,423,000, AND, AFTER RESERVING £391,800 FOR FUTURE ACCUMULATION AND DIVISION, WAS DIVIDED AMONG 13,220 POLICIES ENTITLED TO PARTICIPATE. MORE THAN ONE HALF OF THE MEMBERS WHO DIED WERE ENTITLED TO BONUSES WHICH, NOTWITHSTANDING THE LOW PREMIUMS, WERE ON AN AVERAGE EQUAL TO AN ADDITION OF ABOUT 50 PER CENT TO POLICIES WHICH PARTICIPATED.

THE ARRANGEMENTS AS TO SURRENDER, NON-FORFEITURE, FREE RESIDENCE, LOANS ON POLICIES, IMMEDIATE PAYMENT OF CLAIMS, AND ALL OTHER POINTS OF PRACTICE, ARE CONCEIVED ENTIRELY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MEMBERS, THERE BEING NO OPPOSING INTERESTS IN A MUTUAL SOCIETY.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

# Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMENT,  
For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 3	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55

[The usual non-participating Rates of other Offices differ little from these Premiums.]

\* A person of 30 may secure £1000 at death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20:15s.

This Premium would generally elsewhere secure £800 only, instead of £1000.

OR, he may secure £1000 by 21 yearly payments of £27:13:4—being thus free of payment after age 50.

† At age 40, the Premium ceasing at age 60 is, for £1000, £33:14:2,—about the same as most Offices require during the whole term of life. Before the Premiums have ceased, the Policy will have shared in at least one division of surplus. To Professional Men and others, whose income is dependent on continuance of health, the limited payment system is specially recommended.

## BRANCH OFFICES:

GLASGOW, 29 St. Vincent Pl.

ABERDEEN, 166 Union Street.

DUNDEE, 12 Victoria Chambers.

BIRMINGHAM, 96 Colmore Row.

BRISTOL, 31 Clare Street.

CARDIFF, 19 High Street.

LEEDS, 35 Park Row.

LIVERPOOL, 25 Castle Street.

DUBLIN . . . 36 COLLEGE GREEN

LONDON OFFICE: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

MANCHESTER, 10 Albert Sq.

NEWCASTLE, 1 Queen Street.

NOTTINGHAM, 27 Victoria St.

BELFAST, 10 Donegall Sq., N.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.







# UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.



*The Twenty-First Session will open on  
Tuesday, October 6th, 1896.*

---

For full information and Prospectuses apply to the Secretary,

\_\_\_\_\_ JAMES RAFTER.

BRISTOL:

J. W. ARROWSMITH, PRINTER, QUAY STREET.



**Principal.**

**C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.G.S.**

**Professors, Lecturers, and other Officers of the College.**

**FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.**

Chemistry... ..	{ Professor, SYDNEY YOUNG, D.Sc (Lond.), F.R.S. Lecturer and Demonstrator, FRANCIS E. FRANCIS, B.Sc., Ph.D. Junior Demonstrator, E. HALFORD STRANGE, B.Sc.
Mathematics ... ..	{ Professor, F. R. BARRELL, M.A. (Camb.), B.Sc. (Lond.)
Experimental Physics ... ..	{ Professor, A. P. CHATTOCK, M.I.E.E. Lecturer and Demonstrator, LLEWELYN N. TYACK. Teaching Scholar, ARTHUR H. BARTLETT.
Engineering ... ..	{ Professor, J. RYAN, M.A., LL.M., D.Sc. Lecturer, Junior Demonstrator, W. J. BREMNER DAVIS, Assoc. M. Inst. C.E. Workshop Demonstrator, ALFRED E. MACKETT, Wh.Sc.
Geology and Zoology ... ..	{ Professor, C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.G.S. Lecturer and Demonstrator, SIDNEY H. REY- NOLDS, M.A. (Camb.)
Botany ... ..	Lecturer, SIDNEY H. REYNOLDS, M.A. (Camb.)
Modern History and English Literature ... ..	{ Professor, JAMES ROWLEY, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin. Lecturer, CLEMENT ORD, M.A. (Camb.)
International Law... ..	{ Lecturer, Sir CHARLES M. KENNEDY, K.C.M.G., C.B.
Greek and Latin ... ..	{ Professor, R. FANSHAWE, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Lecturer, FRANCIS BROOKS, M.A. (Oxon.)
Hebrew ... ..	Lecturer, Rev. J. POLACK, B.A. (Lond.)
French ... ..	{ Lecturers, EUGÈNE PELLISSIER, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc. A. D'OURS, B.A.
German ... ..	Lecturer, CLEMENT ORD, M.A. (Camb.)
Italian ... ..	Lecturer, SIGNORINA E. GUALTIERI.
Harmony and Counterpoint, Musical History, Form and Analysis ... ..	Lecturer, CEDRIC BUCKNALL, Mus. Bsc. (Oxon.)



***T***HE TWENTY-FIRST SESSION *will commence*  
*on October 6th, 1896.*

Sessional Courses are organised for the Matriculation, Preliminary Scientific, Intermediate Arts and Intermediate Science Examinations of the University of London, and for the B.A. and B.Sc. Degree Work.

Special Day Courses will be given by Professor ROWLEY, M.A., in History (Period 1649-1713) and English Literature (Period 1701-1781); by Sir CHARLES KENNEDY in International Law; by Professor YOUNG, D.Sc., F.R.S., on Organic Chemistry; by Mr. S. H. REYNOLDS, M.A., on Elementary Botany; by Signorina E. GUALTIERI on Italian Language and Literature; and by the Principal on the Structure and Life of Animals and on Psychology for Teachers.

Evening Courses will be given in Classics, Mathematics, Physical Science and Modern Languages, and Special Courses on Earth Sculpture and Scenery, on the English Drama, on Colour, on Astronomy and on Oriental Languages and Literature.

In the Faculty of Medicine Students can complete the entire Course of Study required for the Medical and Surgical Degrees of the University of London, the Diplomas of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and of the Apothecaries' Society of London, and for the Examinations of the Army and Navy Boards.

A Day Training College for Elementary Teachers is associated with the University College.

For full information and Prospectus apply to

JAMES RAFTER, *Secretary.*



## **Engineering Department.**

PROFESSOR—J. RYAN, M.A., LL.M., D.Sc.

Courses for CIVIL, MECHANICAL, MINING, and  
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS,  
also ARCHITECTS and SURVEYORS.

Special facilities are offered in the way of College Scholarships and Engineering Works Scholarships : favourable arrangements being made with firms in or near Bristol, for practical training to be obtained in works concurrently with the College Course.

Surveying, Field-Work, and Geology form prominent features of the Civil Engineering Scheme.

A College Diploma is awarded to students who pass the qualifying Examinations.

The Institution of Civil Engineers accepts the certificates of the College in lieu of their entrance examination.

There will be several vacancies in October. Applications should be made as early as possible to the Secretary, from whom particulars of residence in Clifton may be obtained.

## **Chemical Department.**

PROFESSOR	SYDNEY YOUNG, D.Sc., F.R.S.
LECTURER AND DEMONSTRATOR	FRANCIS E. FRANCIS, B.Sc., Ph.D.
JUNIOR DEMONSTRATOR	E. HALFORD STRANGE, B.Sc.

Lectures on Inorganic, Organic and Advanced Chemistry will be delivered during the Session. The Laboratories are fitted with the most recent improvements for the study of Practical Chemistry in all its branches. In the Evening the Laboratory is opened and Lectures on Inorganic Chemistry, at reduced fees, are delivered.

For full information and Prospectuses apply to

JAMES RAFTER, *Secretary.*





E

A

A

E

E

E

C

C

C

C

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

# The Badminton Library.

Edited by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., assisted by ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

Crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. each volume, cloth.

\*.\* These Volumes can also be had bound in half-leather, with gilt top.  
For price apply to any Bookseller.

<b>ARCHERY.</b> By C. J. LONGMAN, Col. H. WALBOND, Miss LEGH, and Viscount DILLON. With 198 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>ATHLETICS AND FOOTBALL.</b> By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN. 51 Illusts.	10	6
<b>BIG GAME SHOOTING.</b> By C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY, Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, W. C. OSWELL, F. C. SELOUR, &c.		
Vol. I. AFRICA and AMERICA. With 77 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
Vol. II. EUROPE, ASIA, and the ARCTIC REGIONS. With 73 Illustrations. .. .. .	10	6
<b>BILLIARDS.</b> By Major W. BROADFOOT, R.E., &c. With 30 Illustrations and numerous Diagrams .. .. .	10	6
<b>BOATING.</b> By W. B. WOODGATE. With 49 Illustrations and 4 Maps .. .. .	10	6
<b>COURSING AND FALCONRY.</b> By HARDING COX and the Hon. GERALD LANCELLER, With 76 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>CRICKET.</b> By A. G. STEEL, the Hon. R. H. LYTTELTON, ANDREW LANG, R. A. H. MITCHELL, W. G. GRACE, and F. GALE. With 64 Illustrations. .. .. .	10	6
<b>CYCLING.</b> By the EARL OF ALBEMARLE, K.C.M.G., and C. LACY HILLIER. With 59 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>DANCING.</b> By Mrs. LILLY GROVE, The COUNTESS OF ANCASTER, The Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE, &c. With Musical Examples and 131 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>DRIVING.</b> By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT. With 65 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>FENCING, BOXING, AND WRESTLING.</b> By WALTER H. POLLOCK, F. C. GROVE, C. PREVOST, E. B. MITCHELL, and WALTER ARMSTRONG. With 43 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>FISHING.</b> By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL, the MARQUIS OF EXETER, HENRY R. FRANCIS, Major JOHN P. TRAHERNE, G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, R. B. MARSTON, &c.		
Vol. I. SALMON, TROUT, and GRAYLING. With 168 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
Vol. II. PIKE and other COARSE FISH. With 133 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>GOLF.</b> By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., Sir W. G. SIMPSON, Bart., LORD WELLWOOD, H. S. C. EVERARD, ANDREW LANG, &c. 89 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>HUNTING.</b> By the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., MOWBRAY MORRIS, the EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, Rev. E. W. L. DAVIES, G. H. LONGMAN, &c. With 53 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>MOUNTAINEERING.</b> By C. T. DENT, Sir F. POLLOCK, Bart., Sir W. M. CONWAY, DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD, C. E. MATHEWS, &c. With 108 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASING.</b> By the EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, W. G. CRAVEN, ARTHUR COVENTRY, and A. E. T. WATSON. With 56 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>RIDING AND POLO.</b> By Captain ROBERT WEIR J. MORAY BROWN, the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., the EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE &c. With 59 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>SEA FISHING.</b> By JOHN BICKERDYKE, W. SENIOR, A. C. HARMSWORTH, and Sir H. W. GORE-BOOTH, Bart., With 197 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>SHOOTING.</b> By LORD WALSINGHAM, SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart., LORD LOVAT, LORD C. LENNOX KERR, the Hon. G. LASCELLES, and A. J. STUART-WORTLEY.		
Vol. I. FIELD and COVERT. With 108 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
Vol. II. MOOR and MARSH. With 68 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>SKATING, CURLING, TOBOGGANING, ICE-SAILING, AND BANDY.</b> By J. M. HEATHCOTE, C. G. TEBBUTT, T. MAXWELL WITRAM, &c. With 264 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>SWIMMING.</b> By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and WILLIAM HENRY. With 119 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS AND FIVES.</b> By J. M. and C. G. HEATHCOTE, E. O. FLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, the Hon. A. LYTTELTON, &c. With 79 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
<b>YACHTING.</b>		
Vol. I. CRUISING, CONSTRUCTION, RACING RULES, FITTING-OUT &c. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B., C. E. SMITH SMITH, C.B., &c. With 114 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6
Vol. II. YACHT CLUBS, YACHTING IN AMERICA AND THE COLONIES, YACHT RACING, &c. By R. T. FRITCHETT, the EARL OF ONSLOW, G.C.M.G., &c. With 195 Illustrations .. .. .	10	6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# "Vinolia"

FOR ITCHING, FACE SPOTS, ECZEMA, &c.  
1/1½ and 1/9 per Box.



BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING  
**COCOA**  
BOILING WATER OR MILK.



**LAZENBY'S**

**HARVEY'S  
SAUCE**

PREPARED FROM

THE ORIGINAL RECIPE

BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL

*Signed*

*Elizabeth Lazenby*

**LAZENBY'S PICKLES**

**LAZENBY'S SOUPS**

**LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES**

**LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES**

**LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS**

**LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER**

cc.

S  
G  
A



RES  
ES  
TS  
ER